GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

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10016-408
AUGUST

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

A strange compulsion drives a scientist to seek an incredible creature in the forbidding mountains of Tibet!

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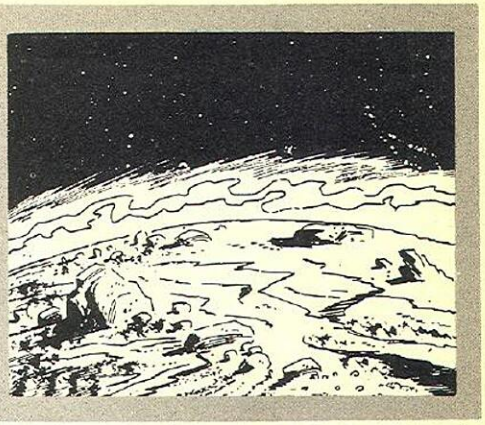
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ASTRONOMY

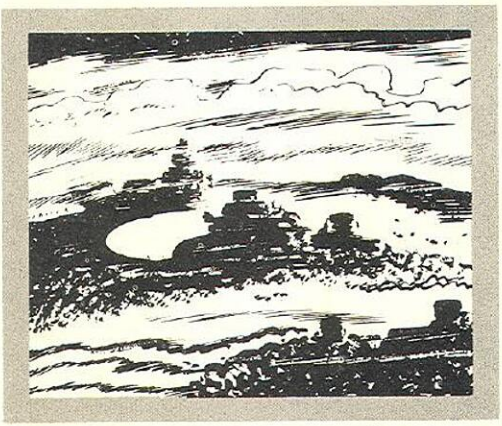
NUMBER 9

EARTH'S NEIGHBORS

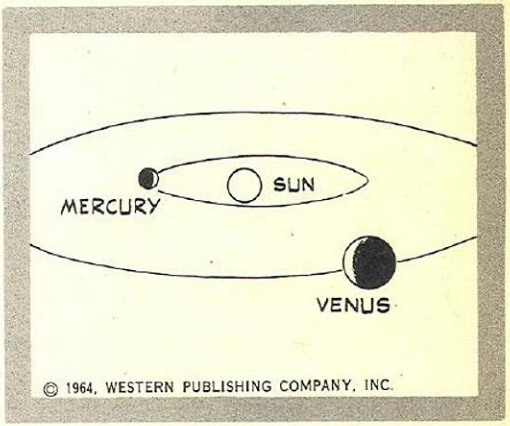
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



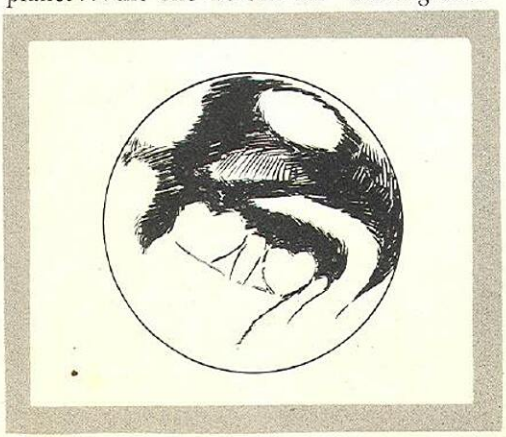
Mercury, three times nearer the sun than is our earth, has temperatures varying from 900° fahrenheit to 450° below zero.



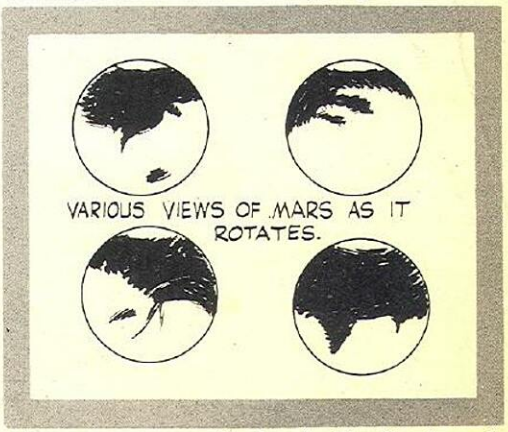
Venus is shrouded in dense clouds which reflect so much light that it is the brightest planet . . . the one we call the "evening star."



Both Mercury and Venus always keep the same side facing the sun — where it is always day. On the other side, it is always night.



Mars is known as the red planet because of its color. It is about half the size of Earth and has two moons spinning around it.



Mars rotates on a tilted axis, like Earth, and it has seasons like ours. Its polar ice caps, large in winter, shrink in the spring.

TWILIGHT ZONE
HAMILTON'S CREATURE
STORM CLOUDS SWIRLING THROUGH THE PASS, DOUGLAS -- OUR TREK TO THE BOKHARA TRIBAL CAMP MUST WAIT!
NO! IT CAN NOT WAIT, KASHI -- WE MUST GO ON NOW!
THIS GREAT TIBETAN MOUNTAIN HAS TAUNTED DOUGLAS HAMILTON FOR TWO YEARS! NOT THAT IT WAS A CHALLENGE, A BRUTE TO BE CONQUERED. -- BUT BECAUSE HE KNEW "SOMETHING" WAS WAITING FOR HIM ON THE MYSTERIOUS SLOPES... SOMETHING FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
THE TWILIGHT ZONE, No. 8, August, 1964. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Application for second-class entry pending at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1964, by Cayuga Productions, Inc.
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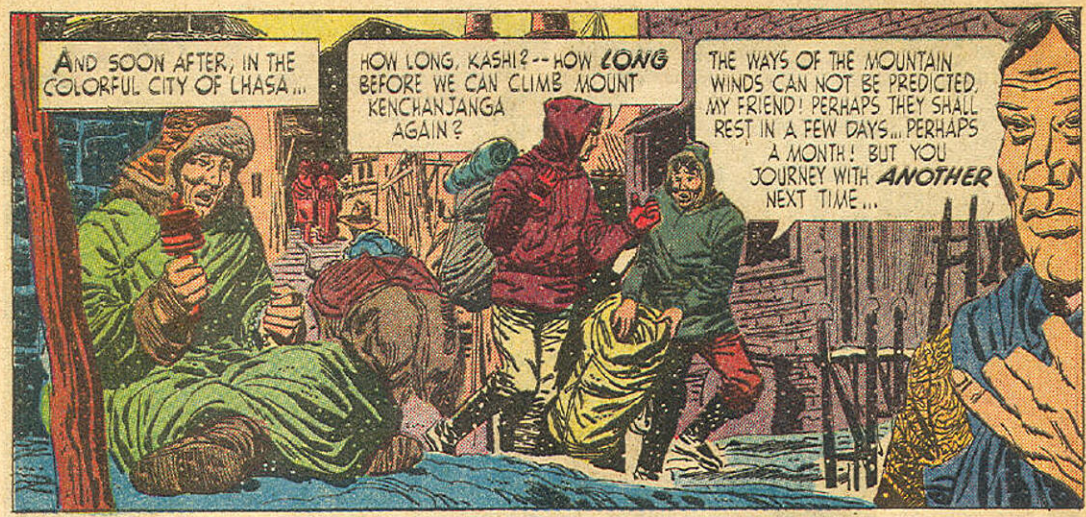
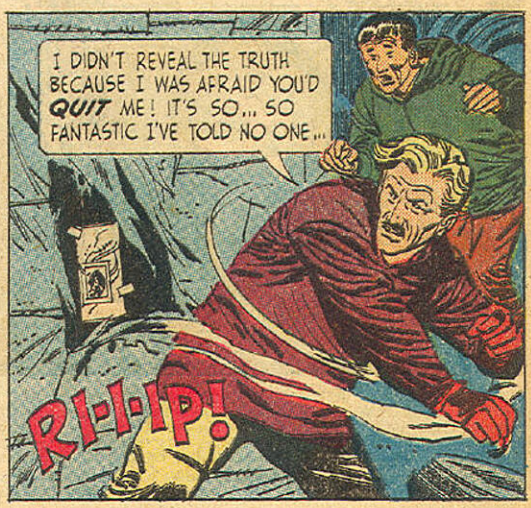

AND SOON AFTER, IN THE COLORFUL CITY OF LHASA...
HOW LONG, KASHI?--HOW LONG BEFORE WE CAN CLIMB MOUNT KENCHANJANGA AGAIN?
THE WAYS OF THE MOUNTAIN WINDS CAN NOT BE PREDICTED, MY FRIEND! PERHAPS THEY SHALL REST IN A FEW DAYS... PERHAPS A MONTH! BUT YOU JOURNEY WITH ANOTHER NEXT TIME...

KASHI! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU ARE MY FRIEND--MY COLLEGE ROOMMATE... YOU WOULDN'T DESERT ME NOW!
I MUST...

YOU HAVE BECOME LIKE A MAN POSSESSED--WITH SOME TERRIBLE SECRET LOCKED IN HIS SOUL! I CAN NOT HELP YOU DESTROY YOURSELF, DOUGLAS!
I-I...

YOU LIED, DOUGLAS! YOU ARE NOT MERELY RESEARCHING MY TIBETAN TRIBES FOR A BOOK--THERE IS SOMETHING DARK AND TERRIBLE DRIVING YOU ON!
ALL RIGHT! STOP... STOP, KASHI--I'LL... TELL YOU!

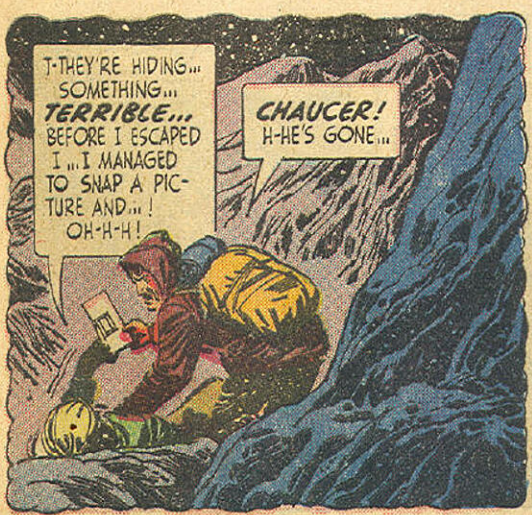

I DIDN'T REVEAL THE TRUTH BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID YOU'D QUIT ME! IT'S SO... SO FANTASTIC I'VE TOLD NO ONE...
R-I-I-P!

IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE ILL-FATED ERIC CHAUCER EXPEDITION TO MOUNT EVEREST TWO YEARS AGO! YOU DIDN'T KNOW, BUT I WAS ONE OF THE RESCUE TEAM...

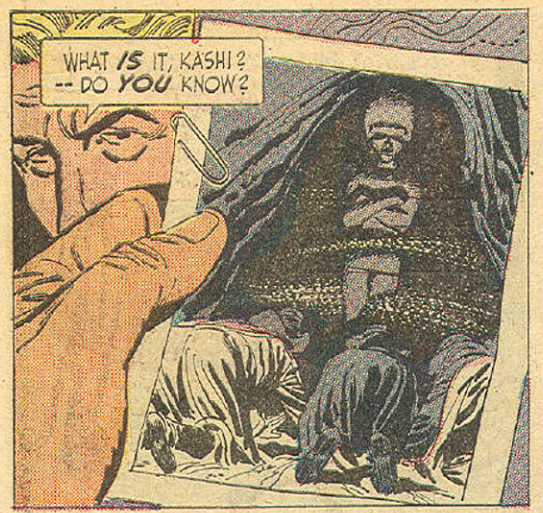
"IT WAS INTO MY ARMS CHAUCER FELL HALF-FROZEN TO DEATH..."
H-HAMILTON... YOU... YOU... FOUND US...
STEADY... STEADY, CHAUCER! WHERE IS THE REST OF YOUR PARTY?

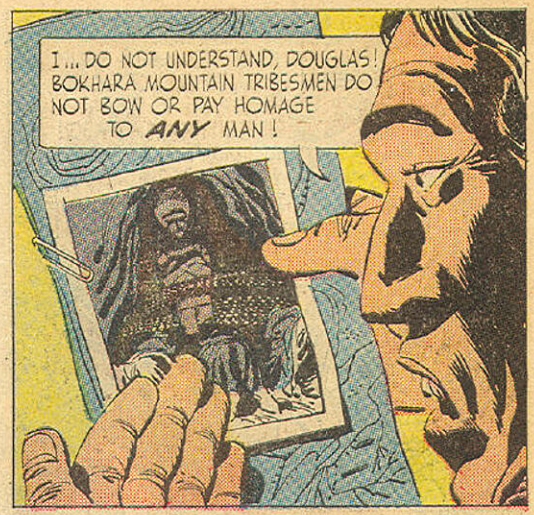
GONE... ALL DEAD BUT MYSELF... AVALANCHE ON THE UPPER PEAK... BUT YOU MUST LISTEN... I-I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME...

TWO MONTHS BACK... I WAS TESTING EQUIPMENT ON... MOUNT KENCHANJANGA... I STUMBLED INTO THE BOKHARA TRIBE CAMPED IN THE MOUNTAINS...


T-THEY'RE HIDING... SOMETHING... TERRIBLE... BEFORE I ESCAPED I... I MANAGED TO SNAP A PICTURE AND... ! OH-H-H!
CHAUCER! H-HE'S GONE...

THIS IS WHAT HE GAVE ME, KASHI -- A MAP AND A PHOTOGRAPH! OBVIOUSLY, IT'S SO FRIGHTENING A FIND HE DARED NOT REVEAL IT UNTIL CHECKING FURTHER!


WHAT IS IT, KASHI? -- DO YOU KNOW?


I ... DO NOT UNDERSTAND, DOUGLAS! BOKHARA MOUNTAIN TRIBESMEN DO NOT BOW OR PAY HOMAGE TO ANY MAN!

THE CREATURE CERTAINLY DOES NOT RESEMBLE THE MYTHICAL ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN SO MANY SEEK ... STRANGE ...
THEN HELP ME, KASHI! WE OWE IT TO CIVILIZATION TO GET THAT THING BACK FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDY! HELP ME!

WE SHALL RETURN TO MOUNT KENCHANJANGA THE MOMENT THE STORM WINDS CEASE ... MY GOOD FRIEND!

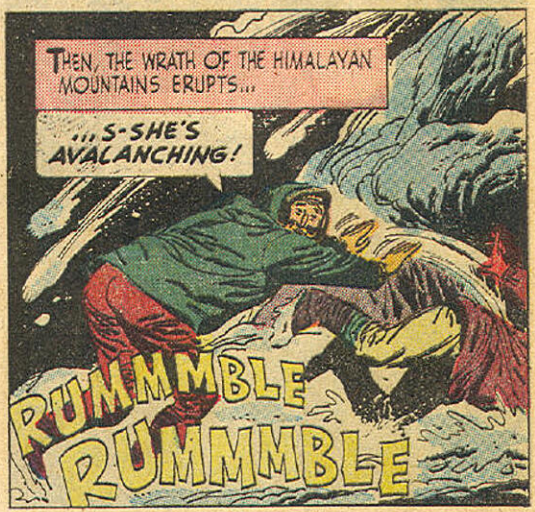
THUS, THE PACT IS MADE! AND AT THE FIRST SIGN OF CLEARING, TWO MEN HEAD FOR THEIR RENDEZVOUS ... IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE ...

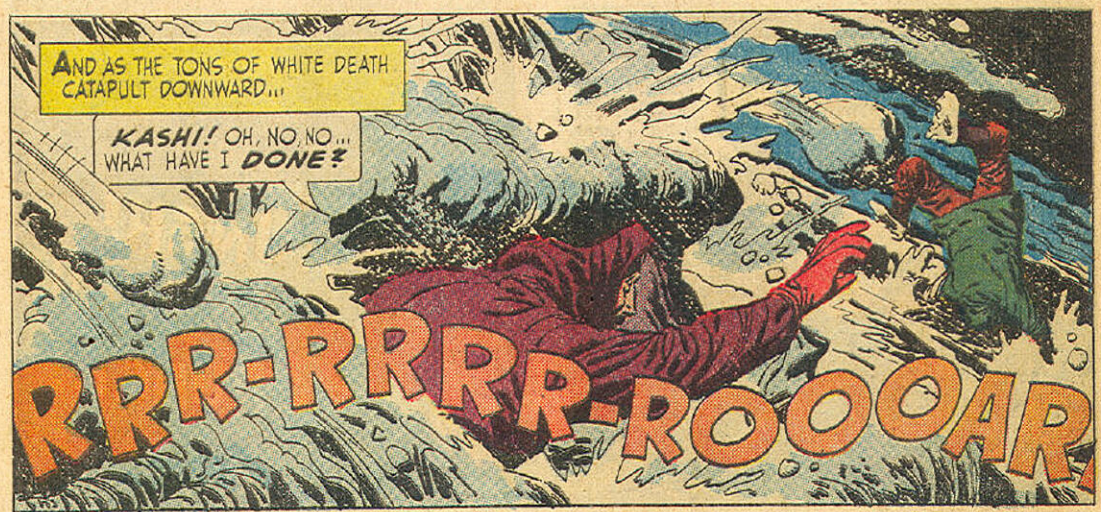
AN UNEVENTFUL CAMP IS MADE AT AN ELEVATION OF 9000 FEET...
THE BOKHARAS UTILIZE THOSE MOUNTAIN CAVES FOR THEIR MANY RITES, DOUGLAS! BEYOND, IN THE WARM VALLEY, THEY SETTLE THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN!
THEN TOMORROW WE CAN REACH THEIR CAMP, KASH!?
IF ALL GOES WELL! NOW SLEEP--YOU WILL NEED ALL YOUR WITS TO WREST THEIR SECRET FROM THEM IN THE MORNING!
BUT SLUMBER ELUDES DOUGLAS HAMILTON -- HIS MIND RACES WITH THE THRILL OF THE HUNT...
TOMORROW... TOMORROW THE SECRET WILL BE MINE...! EH... WHAT'S THAT?
CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

KASHI! KASHI! THE THING -- THE CREATURE ... IT'S HERE! GET SOME ROPE -- I'LL DOWN IT WITH A LEG SHOT!
NO! NO!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

BAM!
YOU FOOL, DOUGLAS -- THE CONCUSSION OF THAT SHOT COULD START A SNOW-SLIDE!

FEARFULLY, THE PAIR WAIT AS THE SHOT ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES THROUGH THE PEAKS...
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!
BE KIND, MOUNT KENCHANJANGA... BE KIND...


THEN, THE WRATH OF THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS ERUPTS...
...S-SHE'S AVALANCHING!
RUMMMBLE RUMMMBLE


AND AS THE TONS OF WHITE DEATH CATAPULT DOWNWARD...
KASHI! OH, NO, NO... WHAT HAVE I DONE?
RRR-RRRR-ROOOAR

FINALLY, ALL IS AGAIN PEACEFUL ON MOUNT KENCHANJANGA...
GONE... LOST IN THE SNOWY DEPTHS OF HIS HOMELAND FOREVER! I LED HIM HERE... TO HIS OWN DESTRUCTION...

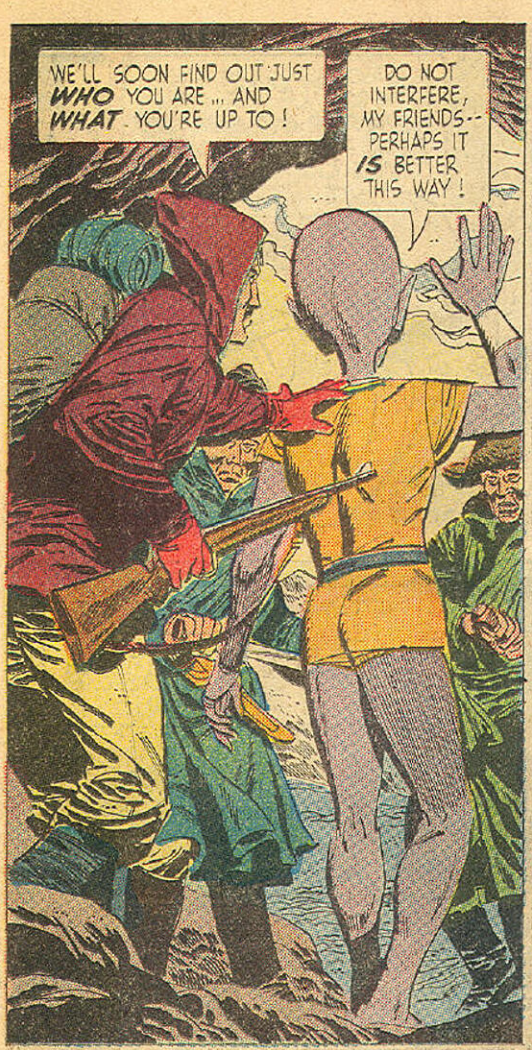
AND THAT CREATURE... THAT UNKNOWN BEAST OF THE CAVES IS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL! KASHI MUST NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN! I MUST TAKE THAT THING BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

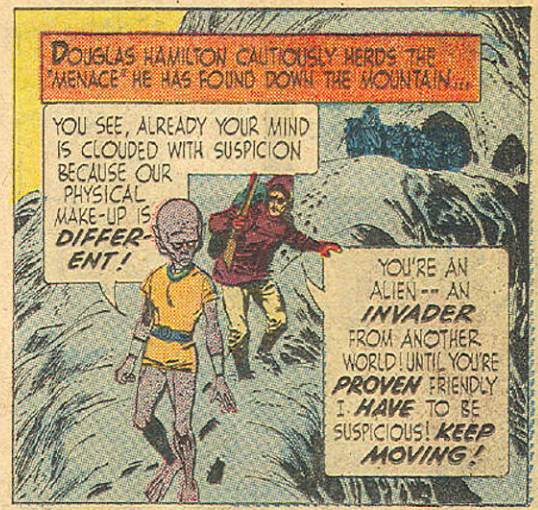
THUS, DOUGLAS HAMILTON PLUNGES ONWARD INTO THE UNKNOWN... A BURNING HATRED OVERPOWERING HIS FEAR...
THE "THING" MUST HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN ONE OF THESE CAVES... THAT'S WHERE CHAUCER'S PICTURE WAS TAKEN...

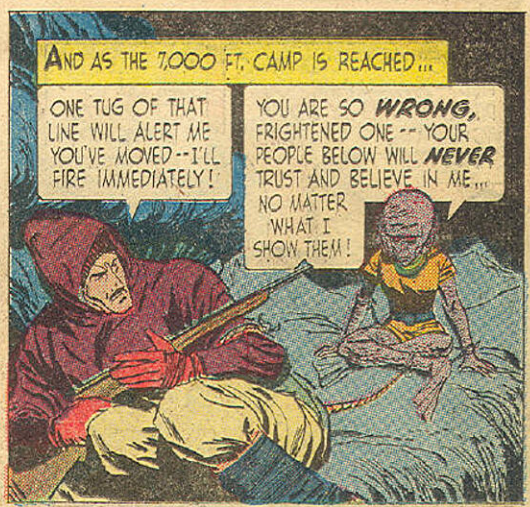
THEN...
T-THAT MUST BE THE BOKHARA VALLEY VILLAGE -- AN AVALANCHE ON THIS SLOPE OF THE MOUNTAIN HAS BLOCKED IT OFF!

SUDDENLY...
WHA...?
YES, STRANGE ONE -- YOUR ILL-TIMED GUNFIRE HAS CUT US OFF FROM OUR VILLAGE!

WE WILL BE SNOW-BOUND UNTIL THE SPRING THAW!
...T-THE CREATURE!

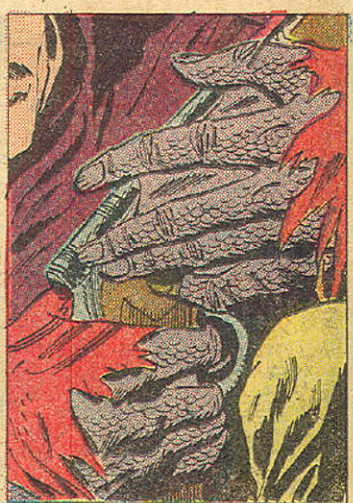

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT JUST WHO YOU ARE ... AND WHAT YOU'RE UP TO!
DO NOT INTERFERE, MY FRIENDS--PERHAPS IT IS BETTER THIS WAY!

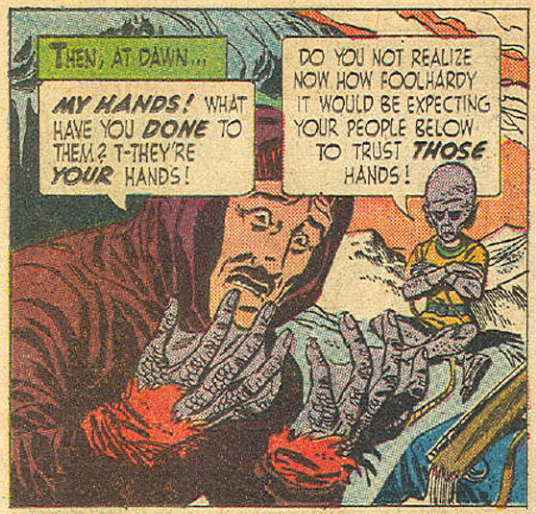

DOUGLAS HAMILTON CAUTIOUSLY HERDS THE "MENACE" HE HAS FOUND DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...
YOU SEE, ALREADY YOUR MIND IS CLOUDED WITH SUSPICION BECAUSE OUR PHYSICAL MAKE-UP IS DIFFERENT!
YOU'RE AN ALIEN -- AN INVADER FROM ANOTHER WORLD! UNTIL YOU'RE PROVEN FRIENDLY I HAVE TO BE SUSPICIOUS! KEEP MOVING!


AND AS THE 7,000 FT. CAMP IS REACHED...
ONE TUG OF THAT LINE WILL ALERT ME YOU'VE MOVED--I'LL FIRE IMMEDIATELY!
YOU ARE SO WRONG, FRIGHTENED ONE -- YOUR PEOPLE BELOW WILL NEVER TRUST AND BELIEVE IN ME... NO MATTER WHAT I SHOW THEM!

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY HE CAN HOPE TO UNDERSTAND...

... LET HIM SEE THE PROBLEM THROUGH HIS OWN EYES!

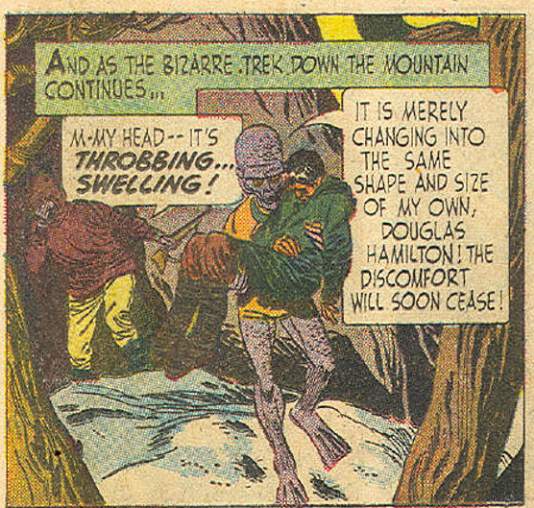



THEN, AT DAWN...
MY HANDS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THEM? T-THEY'RE YOUR HANDS!
DO YOU NOT REALIZE NOW HOW FOOLHARDY IT WOULD BE EXPECTING YOUR PEOPLE BELOW TO TRUST THOSE HANDS!

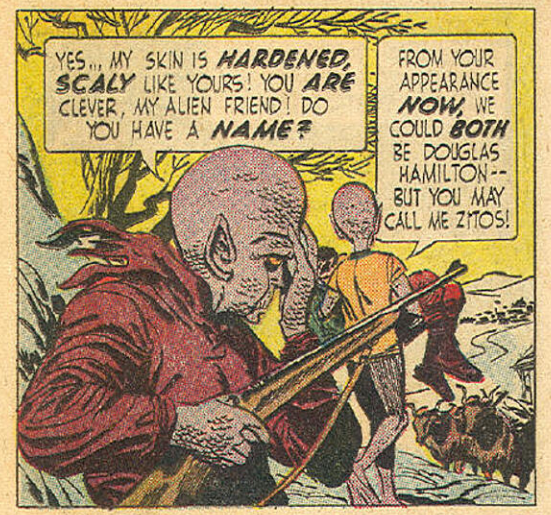
BE REASONABLE--LET ME RETURN TO THE BOKHARAS WHERE I WILL BE TRUSTED AND BELIEVED! ONE DAY, PERHAPS THEY CAN CONVINCE YOUR PEOPLE BELOW OF MY FRIENDSHIP!
Y-YOU DEMON!

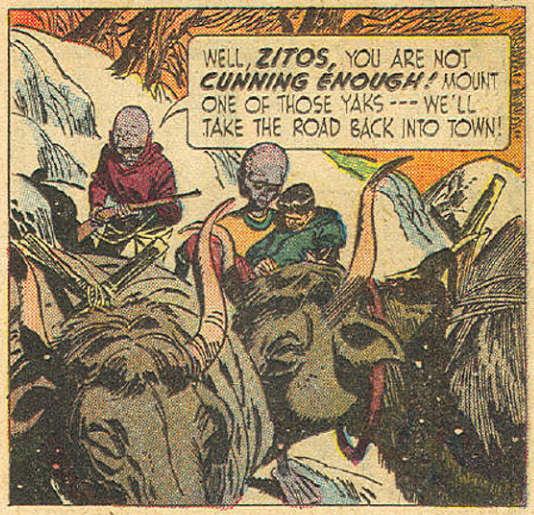
NO! YOU ARE A SCIENTIFIC FIND--WHATEVER YOU DO TO ME IT IS MY DUTY TO GET YOU TO CIVILIZATION FOR STUDY!
VERY WELL... BUT FIRST LET US HELP YOUR FRIEND!

THEN, AS PENETRATING RAYS OF HEAT EMIT FROM THE ALIEN'S EYES...
KASHI!
HE STILL LIVES--I WILL CARRY HIM TO SHELTER FOR YOU!


AND AS THE BIZARRE TREK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN CONTINUES...
M-MY HEAD--IT'S THROBBING... SWELLING!
IT IS MERELY CHANGING INTO THE SAME SHAPE AND SIZE OF MY OWN, DOUGLAS HAMILTON! THE DISCOMFORT WILL SOON CEASE!

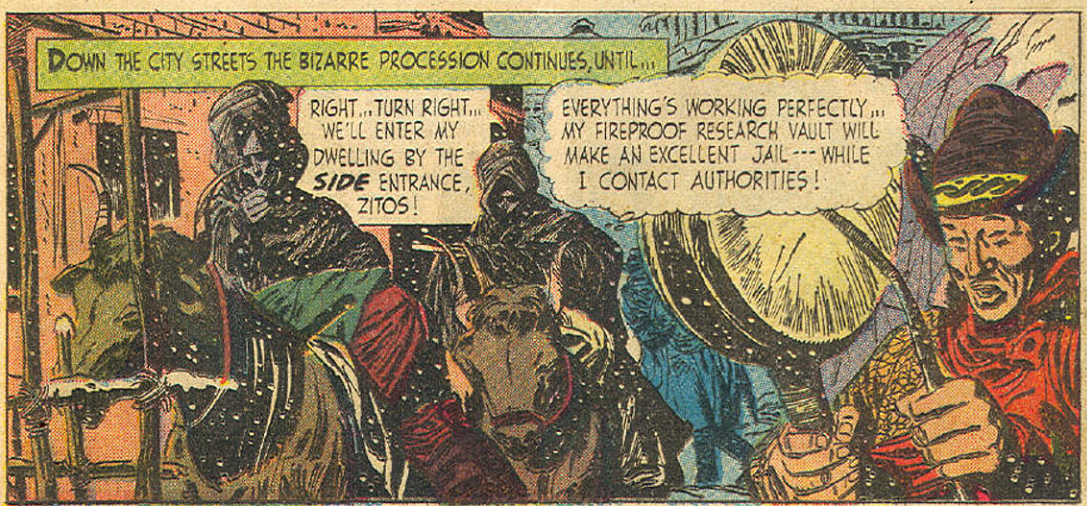
ALL OF ME---EVERYTHING'S GOING TO CHANGE?
YOU WILL BE A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF A MAN FROM ANOTHER PLANET! BUT, OF COURSE, YOU CAN EASILY CONVINCE YOUR PEOPLE YOU ARE NOT AN ALIEN ENEMY, I PRESUME!


YES... MY SKIN IS HARDENED, SCALY LIKE YOURS! YOU ARE CLEVER, MY ALIEN FRIEND! DO YOU HAVE A NAME?
FROM YOUR APPEARANCE NOW, WE COULD BOTH BE DOUGLAS HAMILTON -- BUT YOU MAY CALL ME ZITOS!

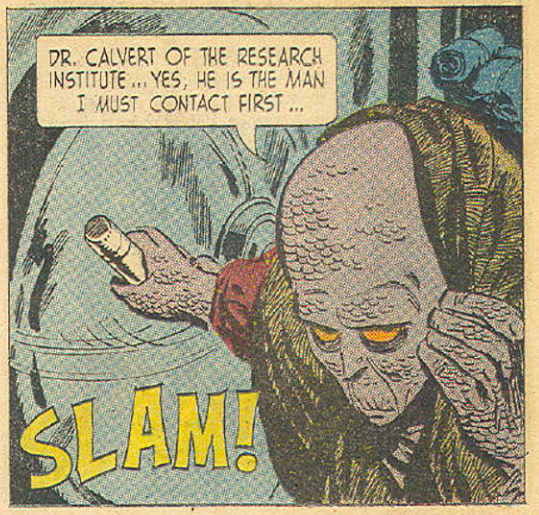

WELL, ZITOS, YOU ARE NOT CUNNING ENOUGH! MOUNT ONE OF THOSE YAKS --- WE'LL TAKE THE ROAD BACK INTO TOWN!

AND SOON, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LHASA...
ZITOS! PULL THE FUR SKIN OVER YOUR BODY AND CONCEAL YOUR FEATURES... OR I SHOOT!
AS YOU WISH...

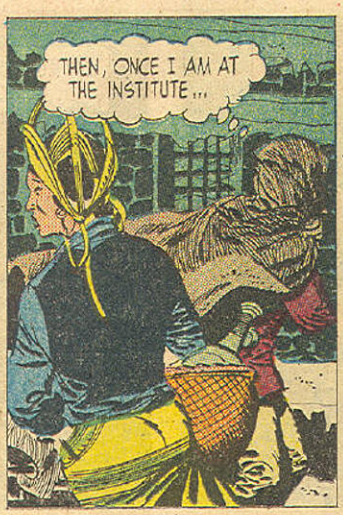
I WILL GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS TO MY DWELLING -- FOLLOW THEM TO THE LETTER!


DOWN THE CITY STREETS THE BIZARRE PROCESSION CONTINUES, UNTIL...
RIGHT... TURN RIGHT... WE'LL ENTER MY DWELLING BY THE SIDE ENTRANCE, ZITOS!
EVERYTHING'S WORKING PERFECTLY... MY FIREPROOF RESEARCH VAULT WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT JAIL --- WHILE I CONTACT AUTHORITIES!

AND INSIDE...
I SENSE YOU FEAR FOR YOUR FRIEND; YOU NEED NOT--I SHALL CARE FOR HIM!
GOOD! YOU UNDERSTAND, I MUST LOCK YOU IN HERE FOR NOW!


DR. CALVERT OF THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE... YES, HE IS THE MAN I MUST CONTACT FIRST...
SLAM!

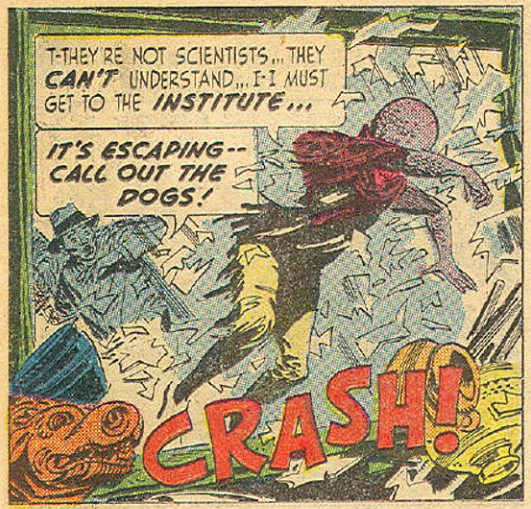
I NEED MERELY KEEP MY HANDS CONCEALED AND THE FUR SKIN WRAPPED TIGHTLY ABOUT MY FEATURES...

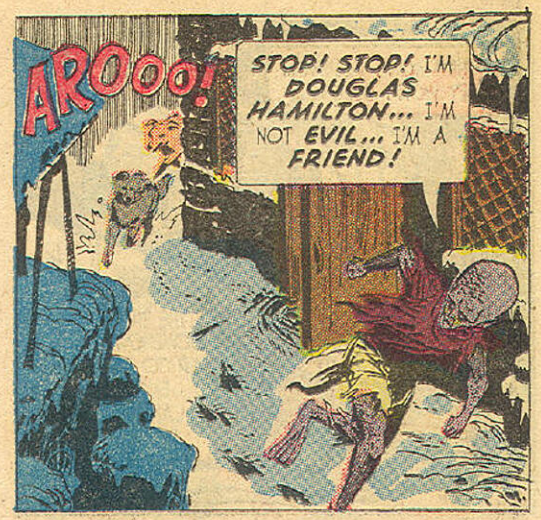

THEN, ONCE I AM AT THE INSTITUTE...

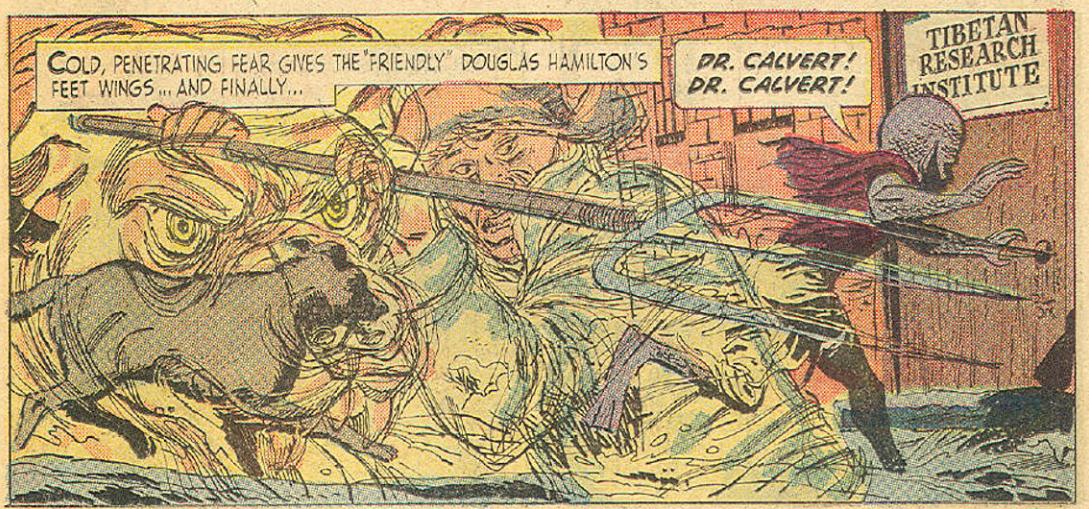
EEEYIII!

MONSTER... BEAST! THERE! THERE!

SUCH A CREATURE... A DEMON AMONG US!
NO... NO!
SEIZE HIM BEFORE HE GETS LOOSE IN THE NIGHT!


T-THEY'RE NOT SCIENTISTS... THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND... I-I MUST GET TO THE INSTITUTE...
IT'S ESCAPING-- CALL OUT THE DOGS!
CRASH!

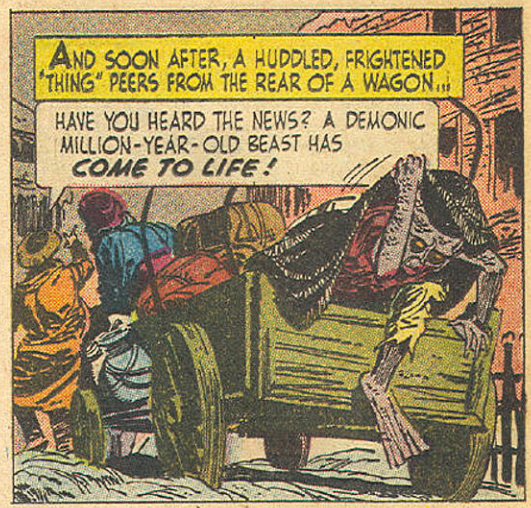

AROOO!
STOP! STOP! I'M DOUGLAS HAMILTON... I'M NOT EVIL... I'M A FRIEND!


COLD, PENETRATING FEAR GIVES THE "FRIENDLY" DOUGLAS HAMILTON'S FEET WINGS... AND FINALLY...
DR. CALVERT! DR. CALVERT!
TIBETAN RESEARCH INSTITUTE

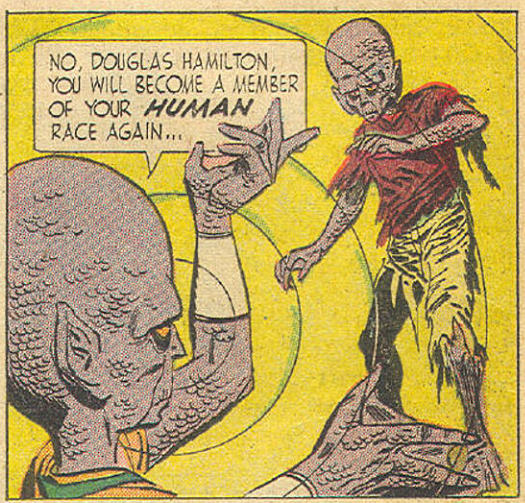
T-THANK GOODNESS I'VE FOUND YOU... THERE'S BEEN A DISCOVERY IN THE MOUNTAINS... AN ALIEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET...
GREAT GRIEF! S-SOME INSANE ANIMAL THROWBACK COME DOWN FROM THE HILLS... STAND BACK!

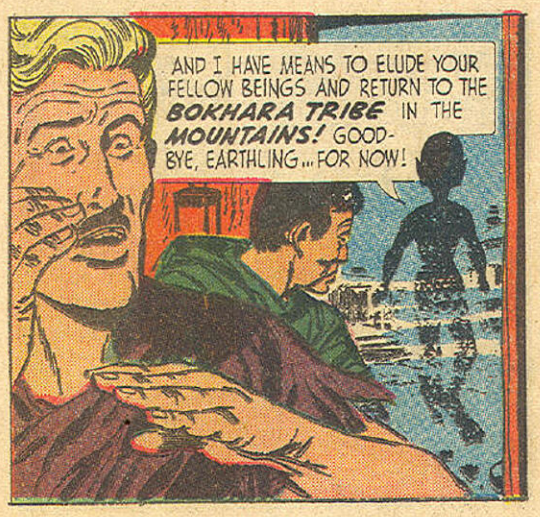
THE ACID -- IF IT COMES ANY CLOSER, THROW THE VIAL OF ACID... I-I'LL GET THE NIGHT WATCHMAN!
STOP... PLEASE... YOU MUST UNDERSTAND...

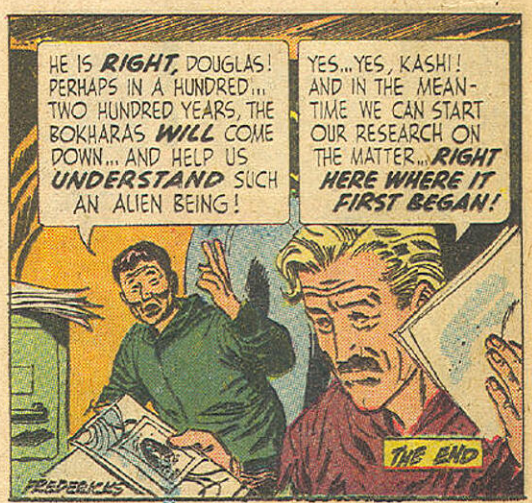
T-THEY WON'T BELIEVE... THEY WON'T BELIEVE...
THE THING -- IT SOMEHOW LEARNED TO UTTER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE! INCREDIBLE!


AND SOON AFTER, A HUDDLED, FRIGHTENED "THING" PEERS FROM THE REAR OF A WAGON...
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? A DEMONIC MILLION-YEAR-OLD BEAST HAS COME TO LIFE!

THEN...
WELL, ARE THEY READY TO EXAMINE US?
I-IT WAS FANTASTIC! ONE LOOK AT ME AND THE ENTIRE TOWN TURNED INTO MADDENED CREATURES! YOU... WERE RIGHT, ZITOS! WE ARE DOOMED!


NO, DOUGLAS HAMILTON, YOU WILL BECOME A MEMBER OF YOUR HUMAN RACE AGAIN...


AND I HAVE MEANS TO ELUDE YOUR FELLOW BEINGS AND RETURN TO THE BOKHARA TRIBE IN THE MOUNTAINS! GOOD-BYE, EARTHLING... FOR NOW!


HE IS RIGHT, DOUGLAS! PERHAPS IN A HUNDRED... TWO HUNDRED YEARS, THE BOKHARAS WILL COME DOWN... AND HELP US UNDERSTAND SUCH AN ALIEN BEING!
YES...YES, KASHI! AND IN THE MEANTIME WE CAN START OUR RESEARCH ON THE MATTER... RIGHT HERE WHERE IT FIRST BEGAN!
THE END
FREDERICKS

Raptures of the Deep

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Ol' Cap'n Larkin was a mighty strange character in more ways than one. First off, he wasn't really a captain—and for another thing he wasn't actually old at all. There was just something about the way Cap'n Larkin talked that made you think his deep-sunk, burning eyes had been seeing things for the better part of a century or so; and that the crunched-up seafaring cap atop his head really stood for something salty. And maybe it did—for although he'd never been registered on any vessel, he knew more about the dark mysteries of the waters off Captiva Island in the Gulf of Mexico than any man alive.

Man and boy he'd poked about the reefs and shoals searching for one thing. . . treasure!—the booty buried by infamous pirates who had once cruised the Gulf seeking hideouts for their plunder.

But now things had changed. Crewcut college kids had come nosing about with some new-fangled diving suits they called scuba gear. They weren't any real threat to Cap'n Larkin's treasure hunting. They didn't know how shifting sands could move a buried cache a half a mile or so; or what underwater reefs might hold pirate gold because they used to be above water. But they all had that fancy new diving gear from the high-class city stores and they could stay down a long, long time just prodding about. Why, plain luck alone might mean they'd stumble onto one of the troves.

Yes, Ol' Cap'n Larkin had to move fast to make sure all his long years of searching was not scuttled by a group of frolicking schoolboys.

A nervous, peach-cheeked youth was uttering words of caution as he helped the captain into air tanks, face plate and snorkel.

"Be careful, old-timer . . . don't go down too far. . . you might get the raptures of the deep!"

Raptures of the deep! That sure was a highfalutin expression for diving men to use, the captain thought. But he wasn't really listening. His mind was going back over twenty years of treasure trove charting. According to his calculations of storms, the greatest pirate treasure of all should have been shifted through the sands into an area just eight miles out. Underwater coral should have stopped the shift right there—just fifty fathoms down.

He'd given up on this one. 300 feet down was too deep to dive or even grapple. But now, with the kids' crazy scuba gear, he could go right there and see for himself. Yes sir, he'd slip away quietly and give it a try.

For the first fifty feet the captain did everything right. He eased himself down breathing normally, as they told him to. Tough as nails from beach living, the next two hundred only took a little effort. Then at fifty fathoms, he saw it—a ghostly form hovering in the waters ahead of him. The thing had a pirate hat on and a cutlass in its teeth . . . and it was swimming dead at him. The captain began to laugh. This was fun. He'd never return to the surface again. Never. Here he could really talk to the pirates of old. And talk they did . . . the form swishing and gliding through the waters before him.

Ol' Cap'n Larkin was still laughing and chatting with his watery wraith when the two young men swam up and gently escorted him to the surface.

"We warned you," one of them said aboard the cabin cruiser. "If we hadn't followed you, you would have stayed down until your oxygen ran out. The *imaginary visions* a diver can get from *the raptures of the deep* are deadly."

"Thanks," Cap'n Larkin smiled, "I'll know better next time."

It was next morning the young scuba divers came upon the captain on the beach. He was standing in a deep hole with a shovel in his hand—and at the bottom of the hole was the biggest treasure chest they'd ever read about.

"Those raptures of the deep are mighty interesting," the captain grinned. "Soon as I pack away this chest that old pirate down below told me about I'll be trying your new-fangled tricks again."

THE NIGHT STRIKER OF PARIS

IN *PARIS* AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, A MOST *REMARKABLE* DETECTIVE WAS CONFRONTED WITH A MOST *INGENIOUS* SERIES OF CRIMES!

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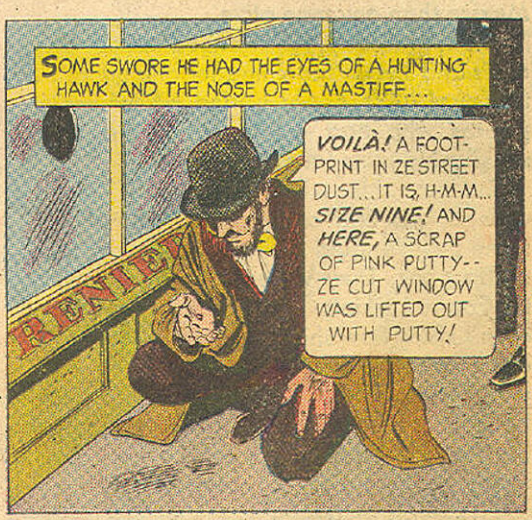
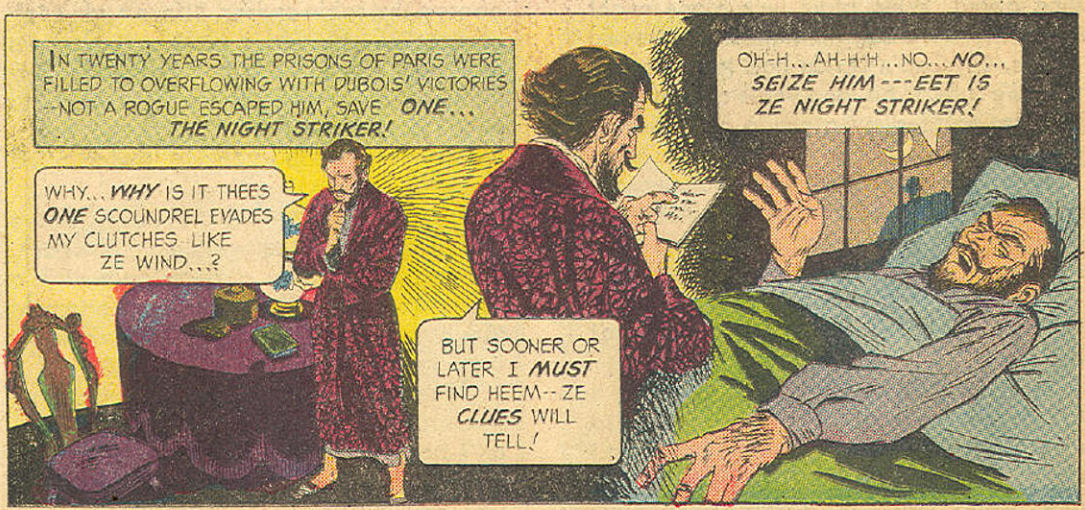
Bijoux
SACRE BLEU! ZE JEWELRY STORE WINDOW CUT NEAT AS A CHRISTMAS FOWL!--TRULY, IT IS ZE WORK OF ZE NIGHT STRIKER AGAIN!
AH... INSPECTOR DUBOIS!

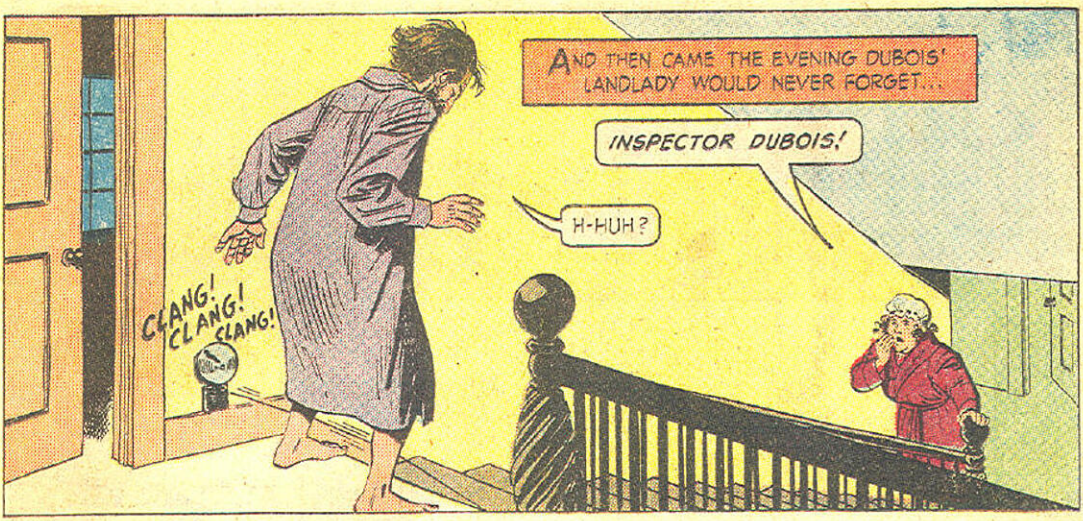
INSPECTOR DUBOIS--THE CLEVEREST DETECTIVE IN ALL PARIS, WAS NOT ONE TO QUIBBLE...
BACK--STEP BACK, YOU BLUNDERING COWS-- YOU'RE TRAMPLING MY EVIDENCE AWAY!


SOME SWORE HE HAD THE EYES OF A HUNTING HAWK AND THE NOSE OF A MASTIFF...
VOILÀ! A FOOTPRINT IN ZE STREET DUST... IT IS, H-M-M... SIZE NINE! AND HERE, A SCRAP OF PINK PUTTY-- ZE CUT WINDOW WAS LIFTED OUT WITH PUTTY!


IN TWENTY YEARS THE PRISONS OF PARIS WERE FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH DUBOIS' VICTORIES --NOT A ROGUE ESCAPED HIM, SAVE ONE... THE NIGHT STRIKER!
WHY... WHY IS IT THEES ONE SCOUNDREL EVADES MY CLUTCHES LIKE ZE WIND...?
BUT SOONER OR LATER I MUST FIND HEEM-- ZE CLUES WILL TELL!
OH-H... AH-H-H... NO... NO... SEIZE HIM---EET IS ZE NIGHT STRIKER!

THUS, THE MONTHS ROLLED BY AND EACH FORTNIGHT THE NIGHT STRIKER STRUCK...
SILENCE, MY FRIEND--MERELY INSTRUCT THE DRIVER TO DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU!
LIGHT UP, QUAKING ONE--BEFORE I PLUCK YOUR FAT WALLET, WE SHALL ENJOY ZE GOOD SMOKE, EH!
FASTER! DRIVE FASTER!
ELUSIVE AS THE WIND--- CRUEL AS THE GUILLOTINE, THERE WAS NO DEED TOO DANGEROUS FOR THIS VILLAIN OF THE NIGHT...
HA, HA, HA! BACK TO PARIS, MY NOBLE STEED!

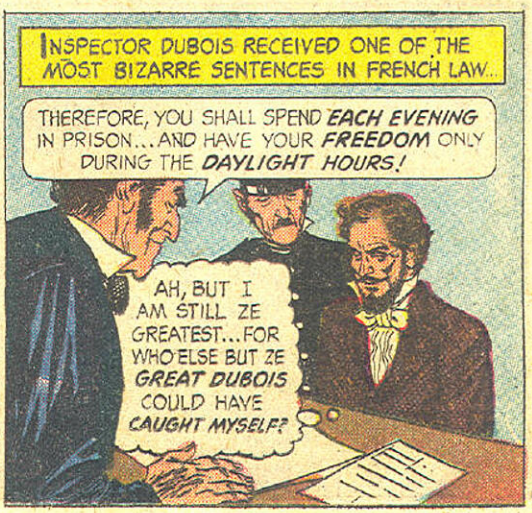
AND INSPECTOR DUBOIS? WITH EACH CRIME HIS BROW KNITTED DEEPER...
AU ROSE' TOBACCO--THE SWINE SMOKES THE BEST!
LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, HE CONTINUED TO PILE CLUE UPON DESPERATE CLUE...
FIND SOMETHING, INSPECTOR?
AH, ZE DEVIL RIPPED HIS TROUSERS WHILE DISMOUNTING AFTER HIS FOUL DEED! HE LEAVES CLUES SCARCE AS ZE TEETH IN DUCKLING...BUT I SHALL CAPTURE HIM! THAT I VOW!
AND AT NIGHT, THE TORMENT OF DEFEAT TORE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO DUBOIS' MIND...
YAAAA!
GREAT SAINTS! THE INSPECTOR'S NIGHTMARES GROW WILDER EACH EVENING...
THERE...THERE HE IS--THE NIGHT STRIKER! SEIZE HIM!
I-INSPECTOR DUBOIS... IT IS ONLY YOUR OWN REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW PANE! PLEASE, PLEASE...YOU MUST REMAIN CALM!
THE PARIS SPRING TURNED TO SUMMER, THE SUMMER TO FALL--AND STILL DUBOIS BATTLED THE DEMON OF "PARIS AFTER DARK..."
NIGHT STRIKER ROBS AGAIN!!
HE EES ABOUT FIVE FEET TEN INCHES TALL...LIKES SWEETS...SMOKES AU ROSE' TOBACCO! MY CLUES ARE ADDING UP... THIS MAN EES SOMEWHERE IN PARIS! STRANGE...HIS STATISTICS, SEEM...FAMILIAR!


AND THEN CAME THE EVENING DUBOIS' LANDLADY WOULD NEVER FORGET...
INSPECTOR DUBOIS!
H-HUH?
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

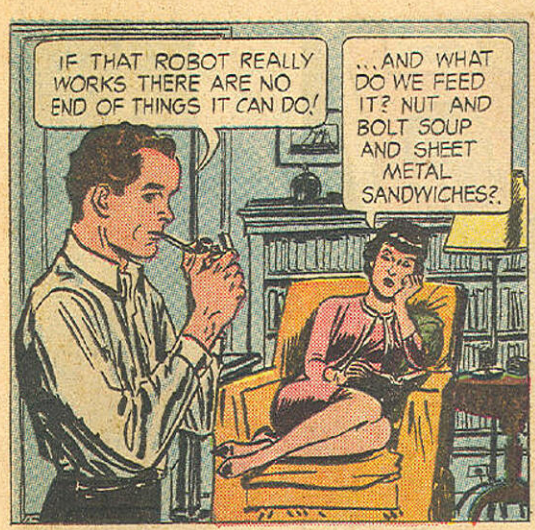
IT IS... ALL RIGHT, MADAM GABEAU... MERELY ONE OF MY TRAPS TO SNARE ZE CRIMINAL! YOU MUST EXCUSE ME NOW...

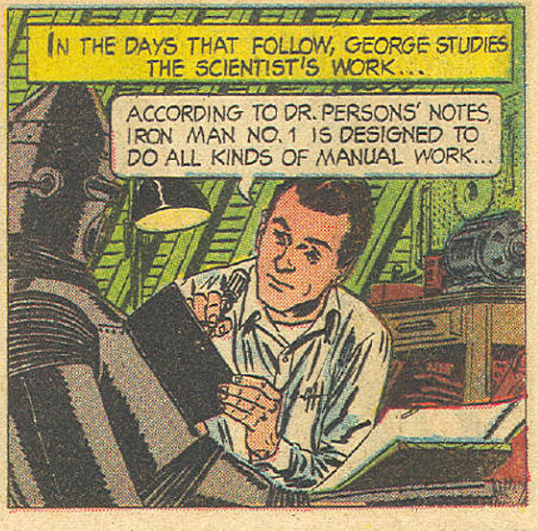
AND SHORTLY, AT THE PRECINCT...
SERGEANT, I HAVE BROKEN ZE NIGHT STRIKER CASE! ZE CLUES ALL POINT TO ME--I, INSPECTOR DUBOIS, AM THE CULPRIT!
SACRE! YOU ARE ILL, INSPECTOR!

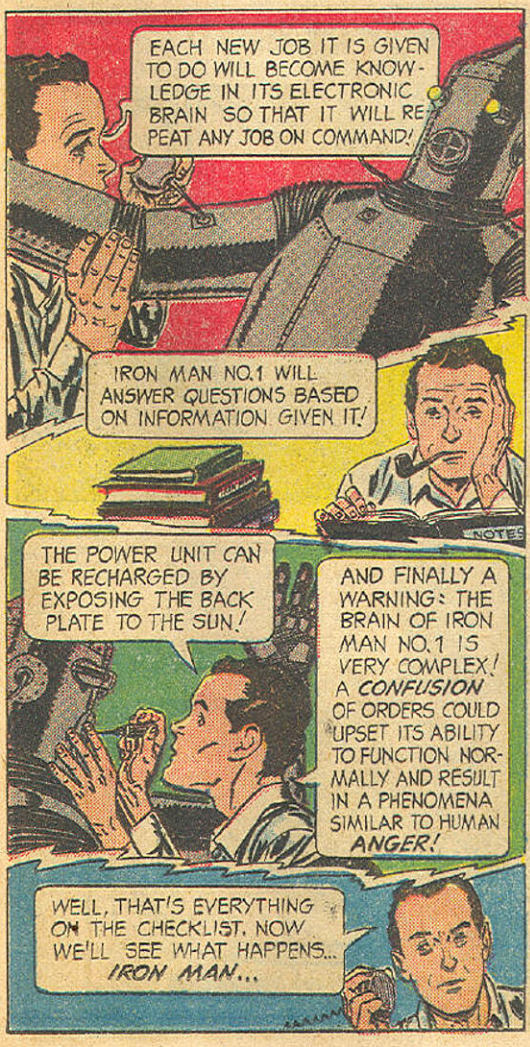
INDEED, YOU ARE CORRECT, SERGEANT-- I HAVE AN ILLNESS OF NIGHTMARES! AND IT WAS WHILE SLEEPWALKING ZAT I COMMITTED ZE CRIMES!

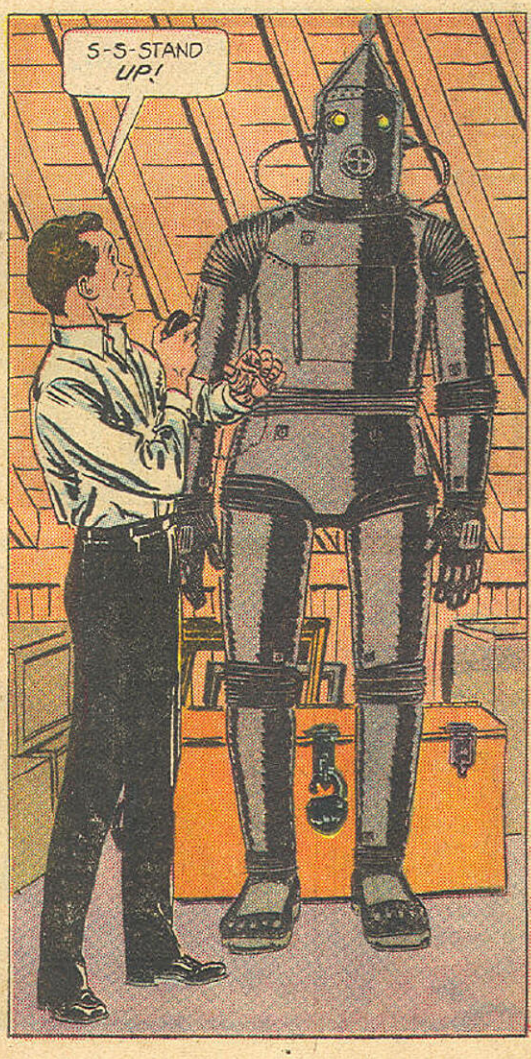

INSPECTOR DUBOIS RECEIVED ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE SENTENCES IN FRENCH LAW...
THEREFORE, YOU SHALL SPEND EACH EVENING IN PRISON... AND HAVE YOUR FREEDOM ONLY DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS!
AH, BUT I AM STILL ZE GREATEST... FOR WHO ELSE BUT ZE GREAT DUBOIS COULD HAVE CAUGHT MYSELF?

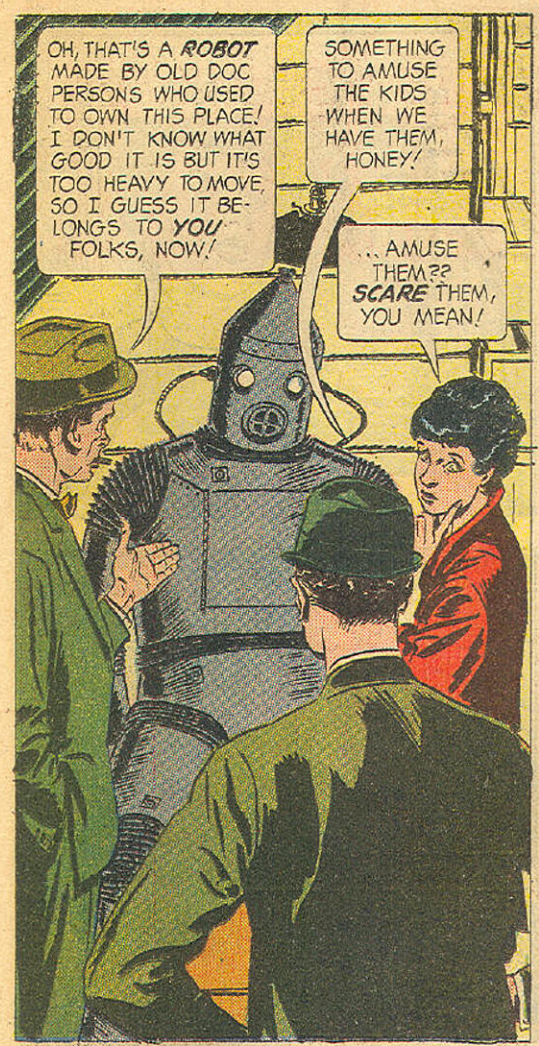
IRON MAN NO. 1
A ROBOT, THE BRAINCHILD OF AN AGING SCIENTIST WHO DIED BEFORE HE COULD INSTILL MECHANICAL LIFE INTO IT, WAITED THROUGH THE YEARS TO FULFILL ITS CREATOR'S DREAMS! NEW OWNERS, BY VIRTUE OF BUYING THE HOUSE THAT SHELTERED IT, TOOK SUCH AN INTEREST! THE ROBOT WAS MADE TO FUNCTION! ITS ELECTRONIC BRAIN ALIGHT WITH FLASHES AND SPARKS, IT MADE ITS FIRST IMPULSE-GUIDED STEP INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
EEEK! MY GOODNESS, WHAT IS THAT?

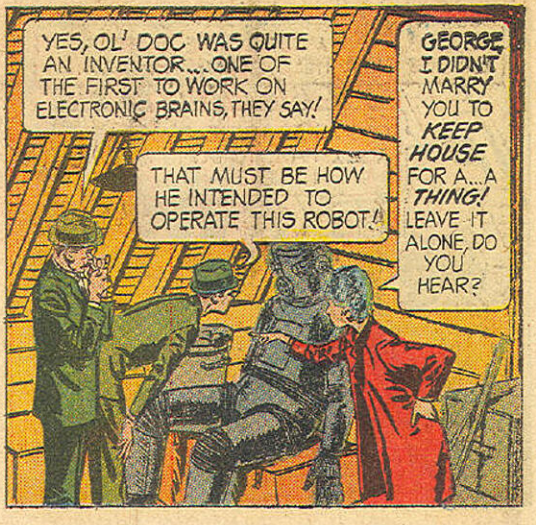

IF THAT ROBOT REALLY WORKS THERE ARE NO END OF THINGS IT CAN DO!
...AND WHAT DO WE FEED IT? NUT AND BOLT SOUP AND SHEET METAL SANDWICHES?.


IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, GEORGE STUDIES THE SCIENTIST'S WORK...
ACCORDING TO DR. PERSONS' NOTES, IRON MAN NO. 1 IS DESIGNED TO DO ALL KINDS OF MANUAL WORK...

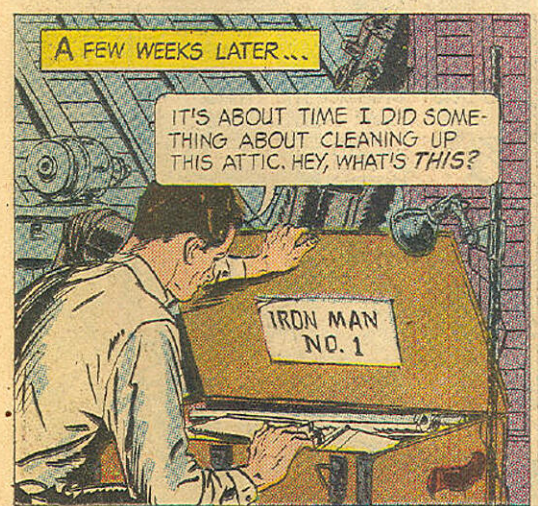

EACH NEW JOB IT IS GIVEN TO DO WILL BECOME KNOWLEDGE IN ITS ELECTRONIC BRAIN SO THAT IT WILL REPEAT ANY JOB ON COMMAND!
IRON MAN NO.1 WILL ANSWER QUESTIONS BASED ON INFORMATION GIVEN IT!
NOTES
THE POWER UNIT CAN BE RECHARGED BY EXPOSING THE BACK PLATE TO THE SUN!
AND FINALLY A WARNING: THE BRAIN OF IRON MAN NO.1 IS VERY COMPLEX! A CONFUSION OF ORDERS COULD UPSET ITS ABILITY TO FUNCTION NORMALLY AND RESULT IN A PHENOMENA SIMILAR TO HUMAN ANGER!
WELL, THAT'S EVERYTHING ON THE CHECKLIST. NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS... IRON MAN...

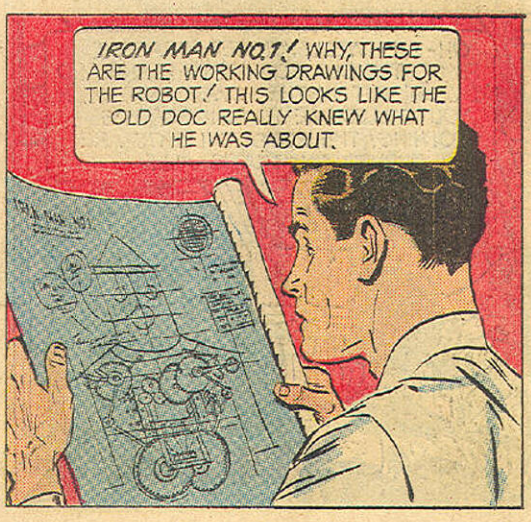

S-S-STAND UP!


OH, THAT'S A ROBOT MADE BY OLD DOC PERSONS WHO USED TO OWN THIS PLACE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT IS BUT IT'S TOO HEAVY TO MOVE, SO I GUESS IT BELONGS TO YOU FOLKS, NOW!
SOMETHING TO AMUSE THE KIDS WHEN WE HAVE THEM, HONEY!
..AMUSE THEM?? SCARE THEM, YOU MEAN!

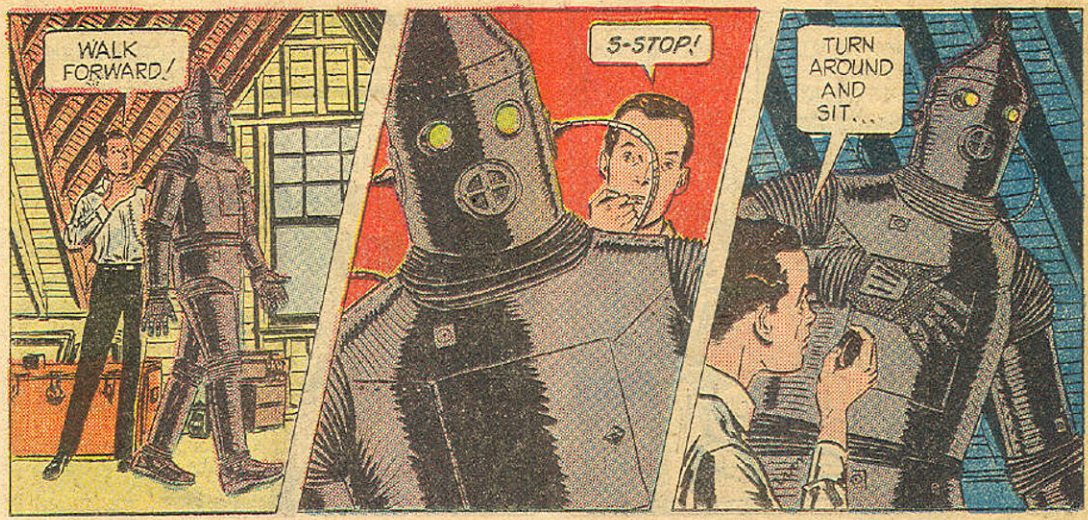

YES, OL' DOC WAS QUITE AN INVENTOR... ONE OF THE FIRST TO WORK ON ELECTRONIC BRAINS, THEY SAY!
THAT MUST BE HOW HE INTENDED TO OPERATE THIS ROBOT!
GEORGE, I DIDN'T MARRY YOU TO KEEP HOUSE FOR A...A THING! LEAVE IT ALONE, DO YOU HEAR?

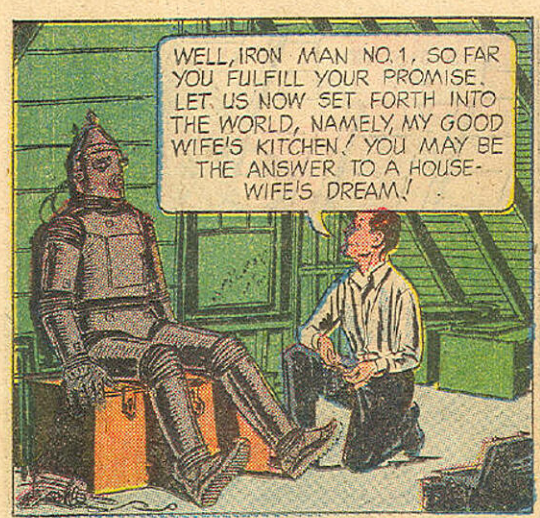
YES, DEAR...
WELL, IT'S ALL YOURS, FOLKS! IT'S A GOOD SOLID HOUSE, THEY DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE THIS ANY MORE!
GOOD-BY, MR. TEEK, AND THANK YOU.

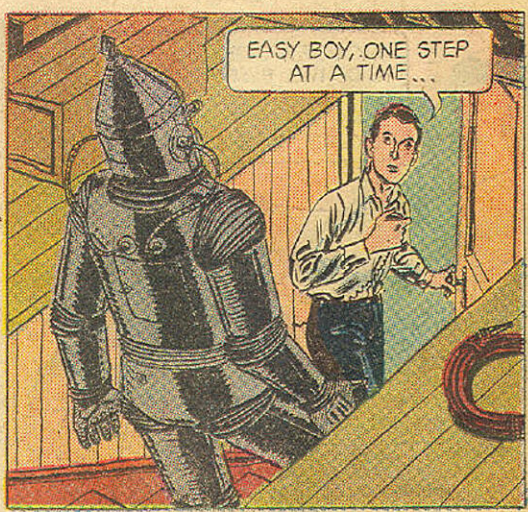

A FEW WEEKS LATER...
IT'S ABOUT TIME I DID SOMETHING ABOUT CLEANING UP THIS ATTIC. HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
IRON MAN NO. 1

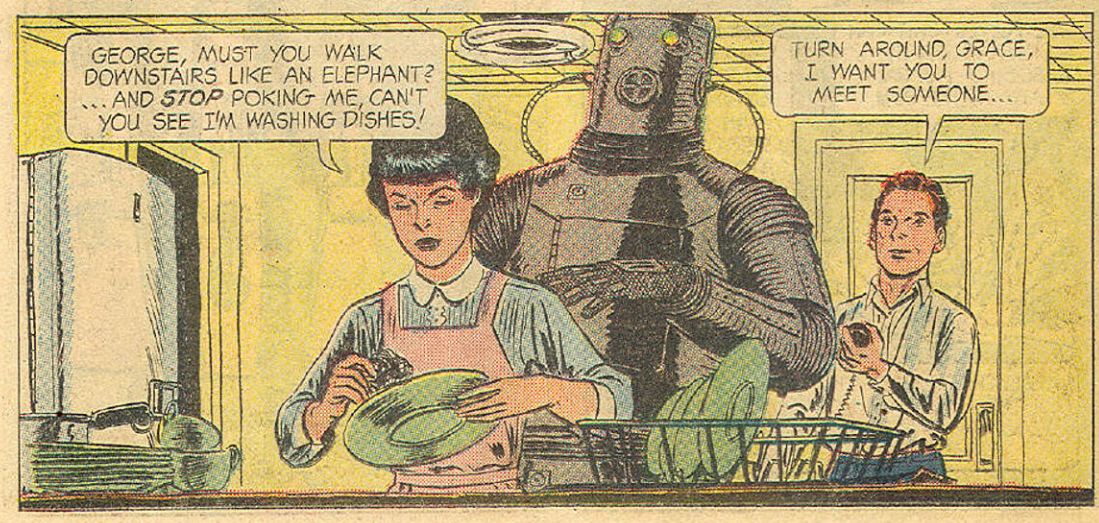

IRON MAN NO.1! WHY, THESE ARE THE WORKING DRAWINGS FOR THE ROBOT! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE OLD DOC REALLY KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

GEORGE SPENT MOST OF THE AFTERNOON POURING OVER THE DRAWINGS, FINALLY...
THIS MUST BE THE POWER UNIT, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS INSERT IT HERE AND...
GEORGE, IF YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED THE ATTIC YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT FOR ANOTHER TIME! DINNER IS READY!
SOMETIME AFTER DINNER...
GEORGE, YOU LEFT THE LIGHT ON IN THE ATTIC... I'LL HAVE TO... EEEEEEEEK!
GRACE, HONEY, WHAT IS IT?
L-L-LOOK!
OH-AH—WELL, YOU SEE, GRACE, I FOUND THE OLD SCIENTIST'S PLANS AND I JUST PUT IN THE POWER UNIT WHEN YOU CALLED ME TO DINNER! IT'S NOTHING! THE ROBOT'S LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON THAT'S ALL!
LIGHTS!? THEY LOOK LIKE EYES TO ME, GEORGE, PLEASE, J-JUST UNPLUG THE THING AND COME DOWNSTAIRS...
OKAY, HONEY!


WALK FORWARD!
S-STOP!
TURN AROUND AND SIT...


WELL, IRON MAN NO. 1, SO FAR YOU FULFILL YOUR PROMISE. LET US NOW SET FORTH INTO THE WORLD, NAMELY, MY GOOD WIFE'S KITCHEN! YOU MAY BE THE ANSWER TO A HOUSE-WIFE'S DREAM!

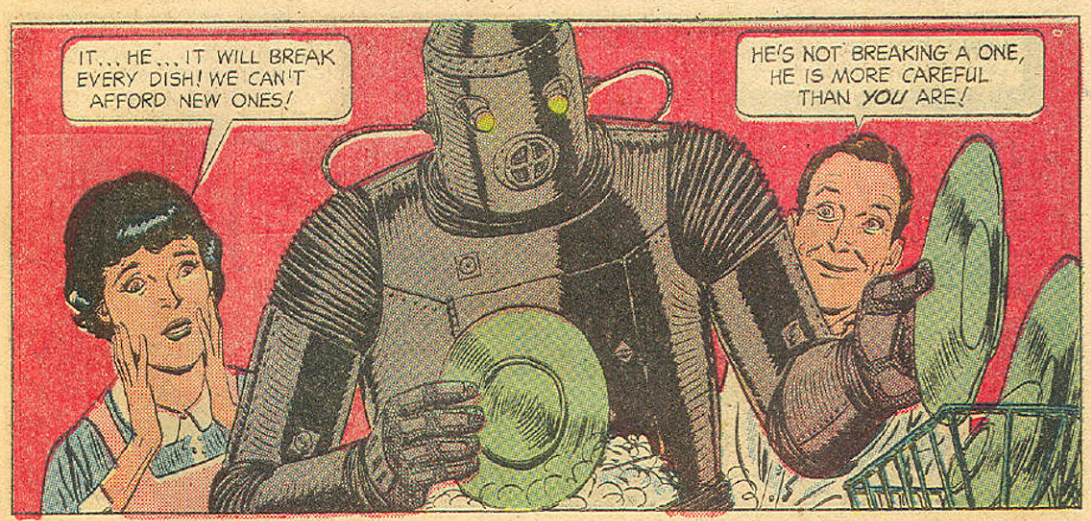

EASY BOY, ONE STEP AT A TIME...

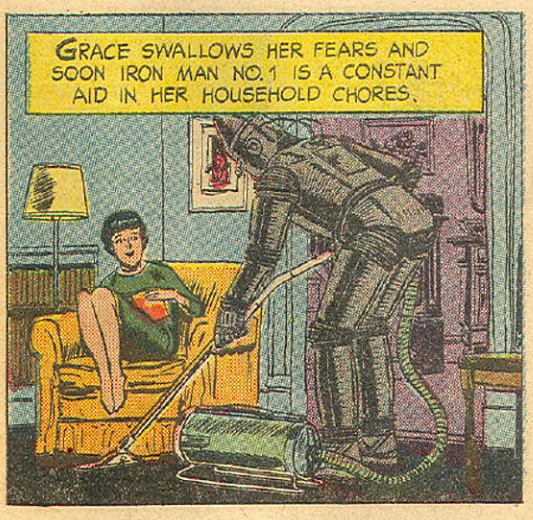

GEORGE, MUST YOU WALK DOWNSTAIRS LIKE AN ELEPHANT? ... AND STOP POKING ME, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WASHING DISHES!
TURN AROUND, GRACE, I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE...

AND SO, AT LONG LAST, HAMILTON HAS LOCATED THE MYSTERY HE SOUGHT... HE MOVES FORWARD, LIKE A MAN POSSESSED...
W-WHO---
---WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE ARE YOU? WHY DO THE BOKHARA PAY YOU ...HOMAGE?
THERE IS NO VIOLENCE HERE, ANGRY ONE--PLACE YOUR WEAPON DOWN IN PEACE!
NO TRICKS, NOW! ANSWER MY QUESTION!
HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! OUR MOUNTAIN TRIBE HAS LONG SOUGHT PEACE AMONG ALL MEN HERE IN THE SNOWS... HE HAS COME TO HELP US!
BY TEACHING THEM THE SECRETS OF MY PLANET PERHAPS THEY CAN HELP BRING PEACE TO YOURS! YOU MEN IN THE GREAT CITIES WOULD NEVER LISTEN TO ME!
NONSENSE! ALL THE SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW IS IN THOSE "GREAT CITIES BELOW"--AND YOU'RE GOING DOWN THERE!

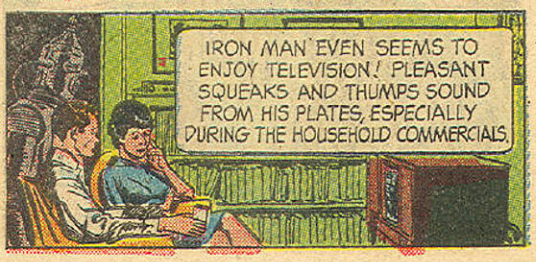
GEORGE, WHAT DO YOU... EEEEEEE!

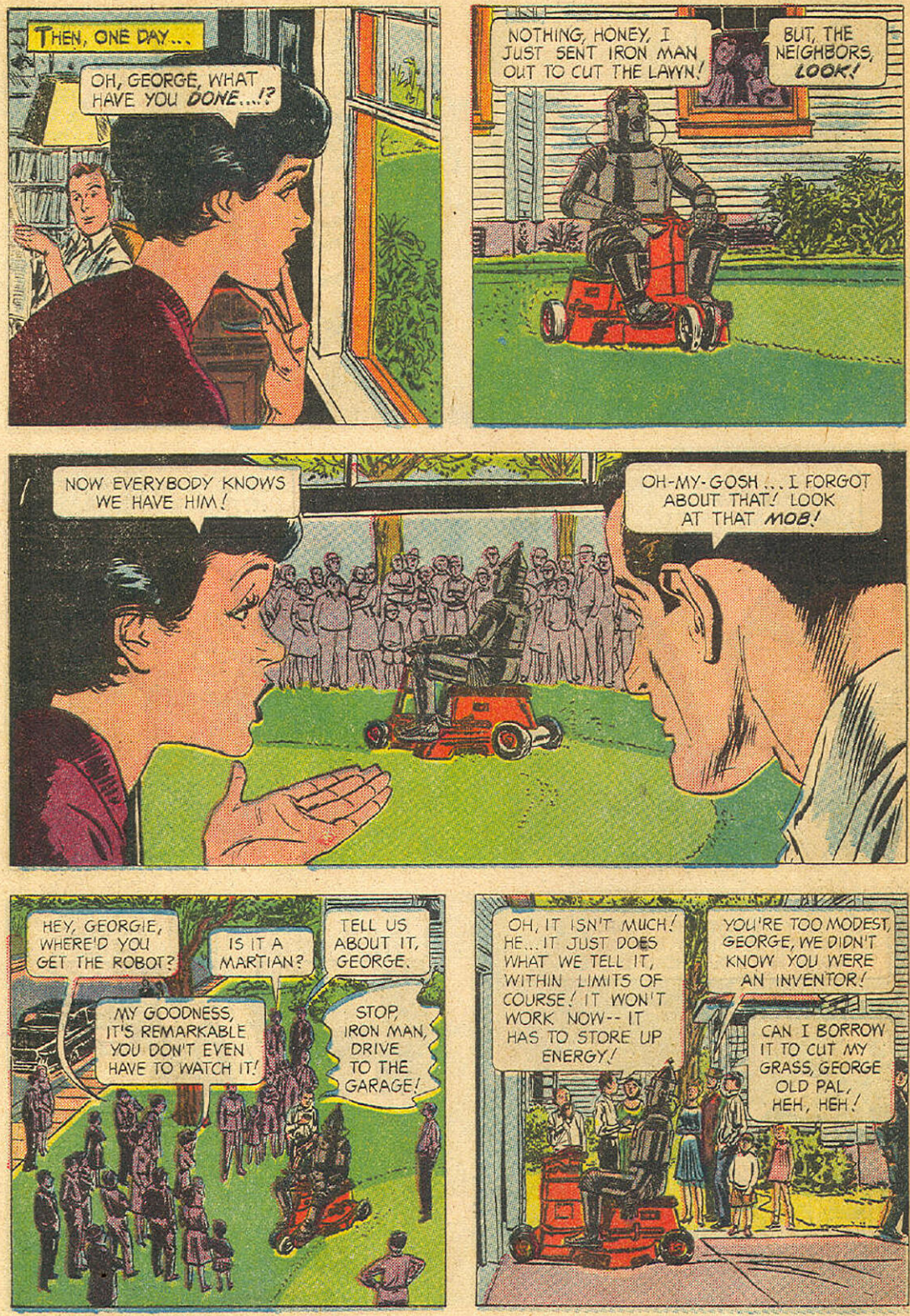
HOW COULD YOU! I MEAN, IF YOU LOVE ME, GEORGE, HOW COULD YOU?
IRON MAN, WASH THE DISHES!

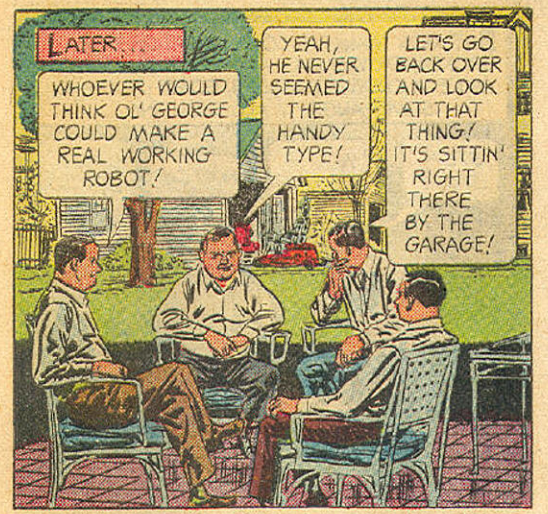

IT... HE... IT WILL BREAK EVERY DISH! WE CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES!
HE'S NOT BREAKING A ONE, HE IS MORE CAREFUL THAN YOU ARE!

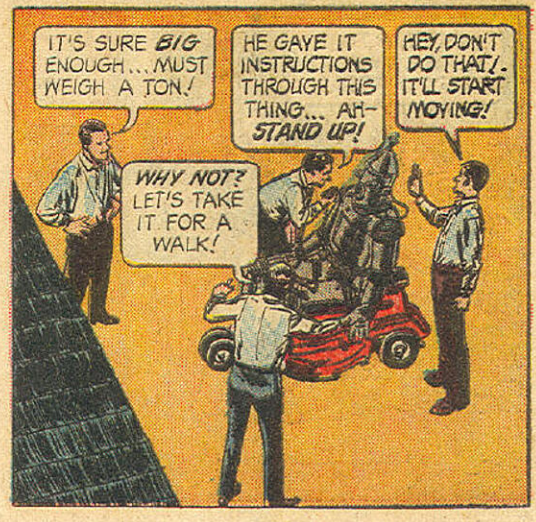

GRACE SWALLOWS HER FEARS AND SOON IRON MAN NO. 1 IS A CONSTANT AID IN HER HOUSEHOLD CHORES.

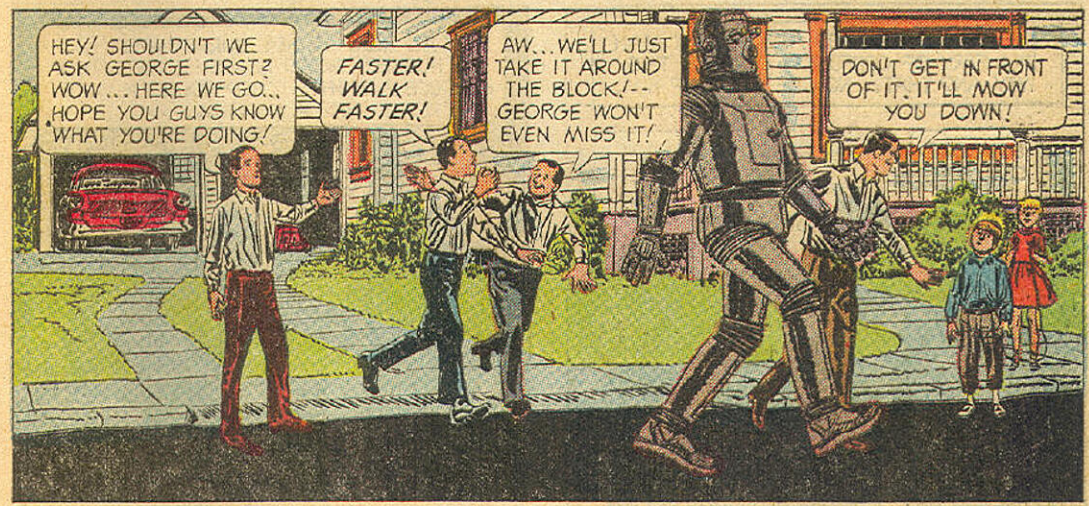
NO TASK IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR HIM!
...NO WEIGHT TOO HEAVY.


IRON MAN EVEN SEEMS TO ENJOY TELEVISION! PLEASANT SQUEAKS AND THUMPS SOUND FROM HIS PLATES, ESPECIALLY DURING THE HOUSEHOLD COMMERCIALS.

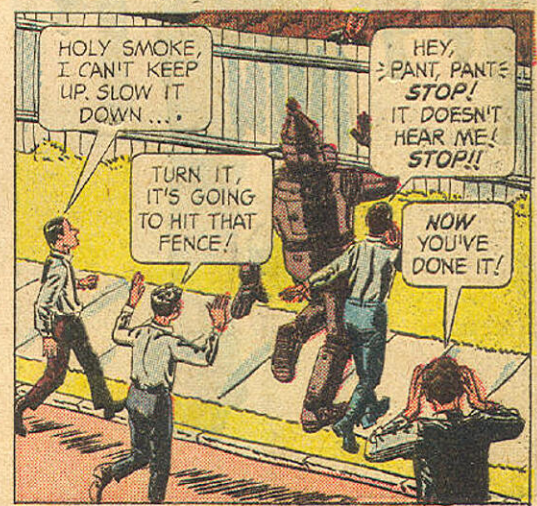

THEN, ONE DAY...
OH, GEORGE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...!?
NOTHING, HONEY, I JUST SENT IRON MAN OUT TO CUT THE LAWN!
BUT, THE NEIGHBORS, LOOK!
NOW EVERYBODY KNOWS WE HAVE HIM!
OH-MY-GOSH... I FORGOT ABOUT THAT! LOOK AT THAT MOB!
HEY, GEORGIE, WHERE'D YOU GET THE ROBOT?
IS IT A MARTIAN?
TELL US ABOUT IT, GEORGE.
MY GOODNESS, IT'S REMARKABLE YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WATCH IT!
STOP, IRON MAN, DRIVE TO THE GARAGE!
OH, IT ISN'T MUCH! HE... IT JUST DOES WHAT WE TELL IT, WITHIN LIMITS OF COURSE! IT WON'T WORK NOW-- IT HAS TO STORE UP ENERGY!
YOU'RE TOO MODEST, GEORGE, WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AN INVENTOR!
CAN I BORROW IT TO CUT MY GRASS, GEORGE OLD PAL, HEH, HEH!

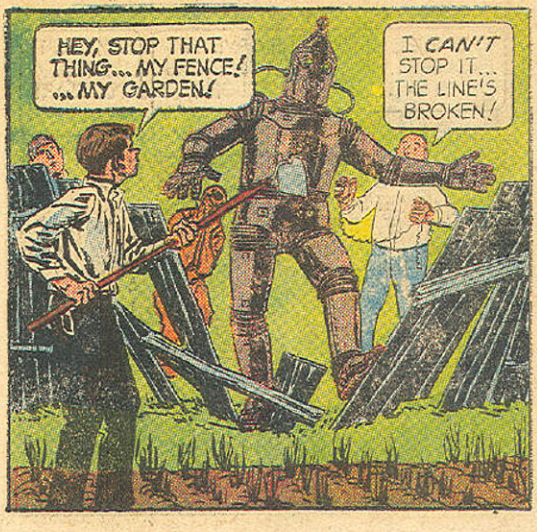

LATER...
WHOEVER WOULD THINK OL' GEORGE COULD MAKE A REAL WORKING ROBOT!
YEAH, HE NEVER SEEMED THE HANDY TYPE!
LET'S GO BACK OVER AND LOOK AT THAT THING! IT'S SITTIN' RIGHT THERE BY THE GARAGE!

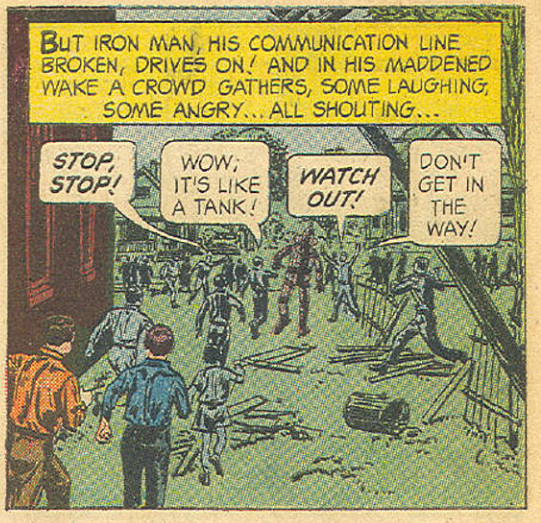

IT'S SURE BIG ENOUGH... MUST WEIGH A TON!
HE GAVE IT INSTRUCTIONS THROUGH THIS THING... AH- STAND UP!
HEY, DON'T DO THAT! IT'LL START MOVING!
WHY NOT? LET'S TAKE IT FOR A WALK!

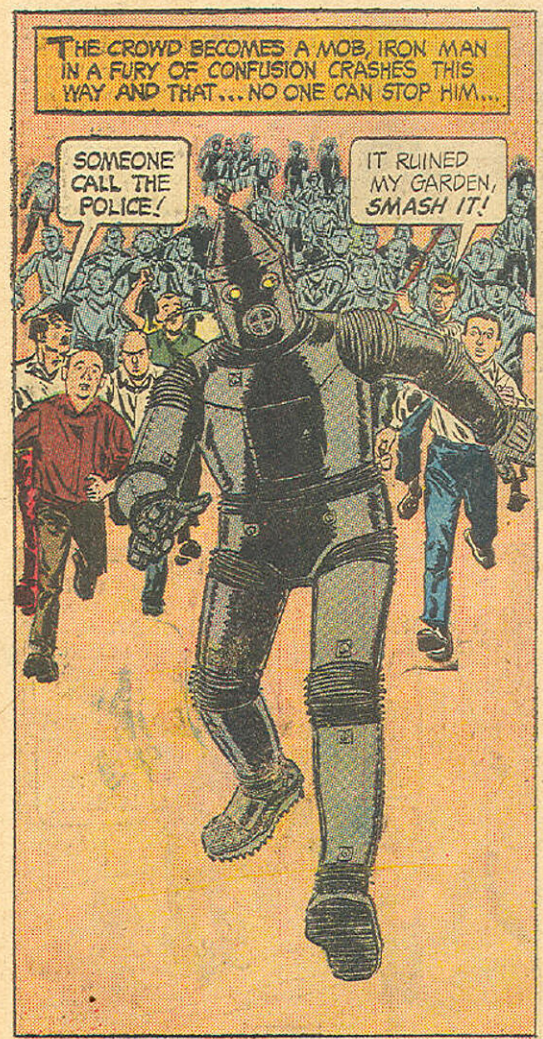

HEY! SHOULDN'T WE ASK GEORGE FIRST? WOW... HERE WE GO... HOPE YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
FASTER! WALK FASTER!
AW... WE'LL JUST TAKE IT AROUND THE BLOCK!-- GEORGE WON'T EVEN MISS IT!
DON'T GET IN FRONT OF IT. IT'LL MOW YOU DOWN!

LET'S SEE IF IT CAN RUN!
OKAY... RUN! RUN!

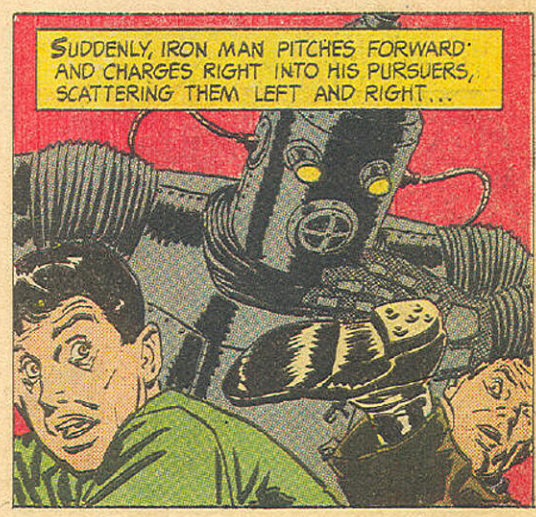

HOLY SMOKE, I CAN'T KEEP UP. SLOW IT DOWN...
TURN IT, IT'S GOING TO HIT THAT FENCE!
HEY, PANT, PANT STOP! IT DOESN'T HEAR ME! STOP!!
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!


HEY, STOP THAT THING... MY FENCE! ...MY GARDEN!
I CAN'T STOP IT... THE LINE'S BROKEN!

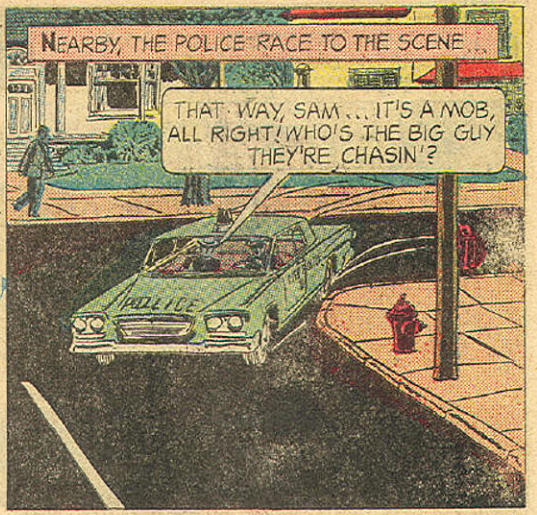

BUT IRON MAN, HIS COMMUNICATION LINE BROKEN, DRIVES ON! AND IN HIS MADDENED WAKE A CROWD GATHERS, SOME LAUGHING, SOME ANGRY... ALL SHOUTING...
STOP, STOP!
WOW; IT'S LIKE A TANK!
WATCH OUT!
DON'T GET IN THE WAY!

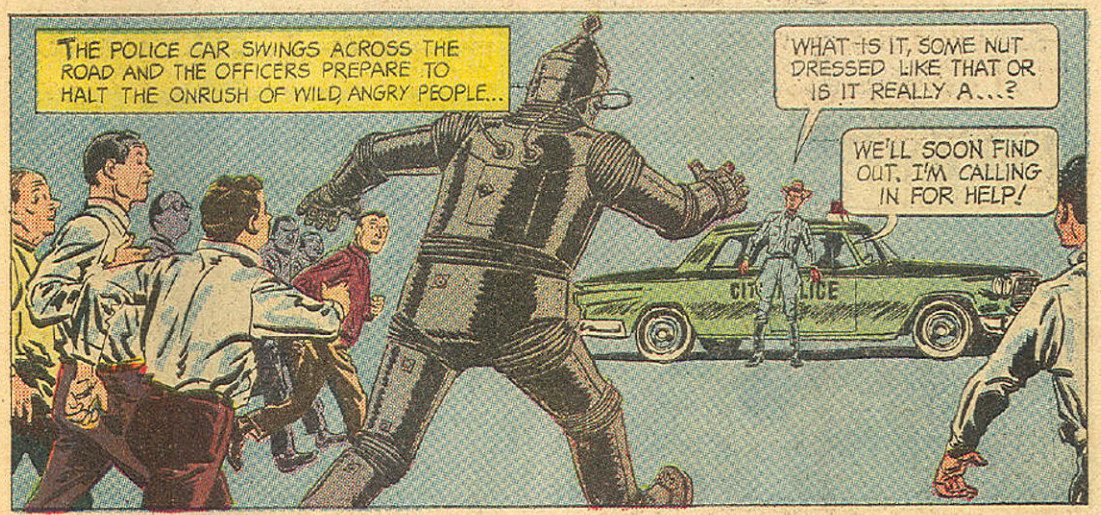

THE CROWD BECOMES A MOB, IRON MAN IN A FURY OF CONFUSION CRASHES THIS WAY AND THAT... NO ONE CAN STOP HIM...
SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE!
IT RUINED MY GARDEN, SMASH IT!

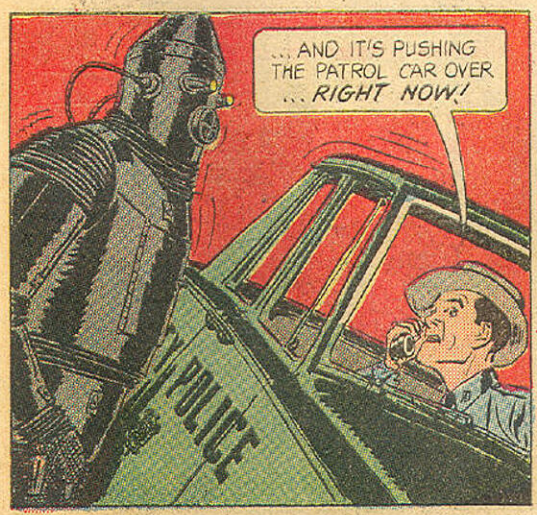
FOR AN INSTANT HE'S SURROUNDED! AND THE HUSHED CROWD HEARS HIS MECHANISM PRODUCE A HIGH-PITCHED SOUND ALMOST LIKE A SCREAM...


SUDDENLY, IRON MAN PITCHES FORWARD AND CHARGES RIGHT INTO HIS PURSUERS, SCATTERING THEM LEFT AND RIGHT...

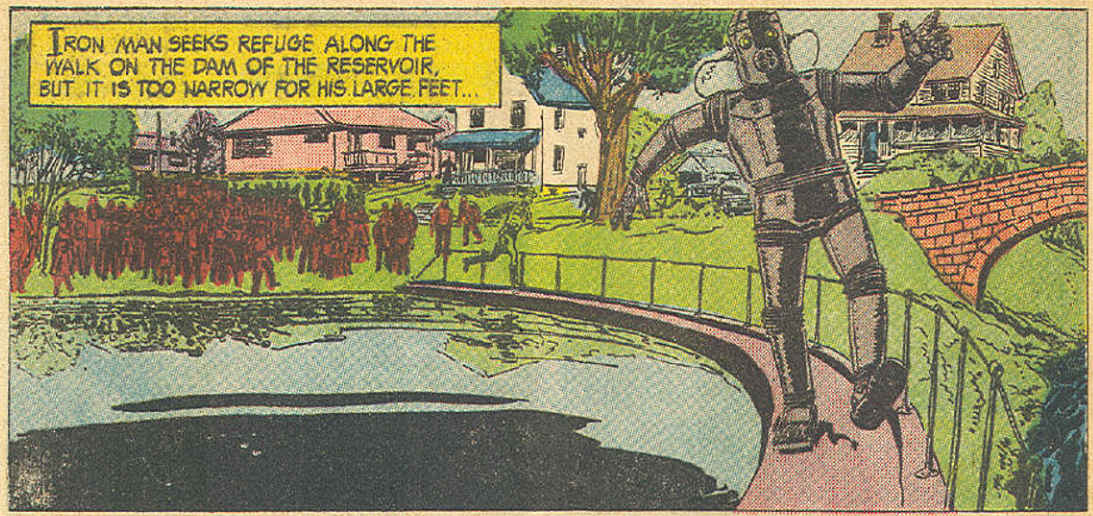
MEANWHILE, GEORGE AND GRACE MAKE A SHOCKING DISCOVERY...
...BUT WHERE?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE'S GONE. WE HAVE TO GO AFTER HIM!


NEARBY, THE POLICE RACE TO THE SCENE...
THAT WAY, SAM... IT'S A MOB, ALL RIGHT! WHO'S THE BIG GUY THEY'RE CHASIN'?
POLICE

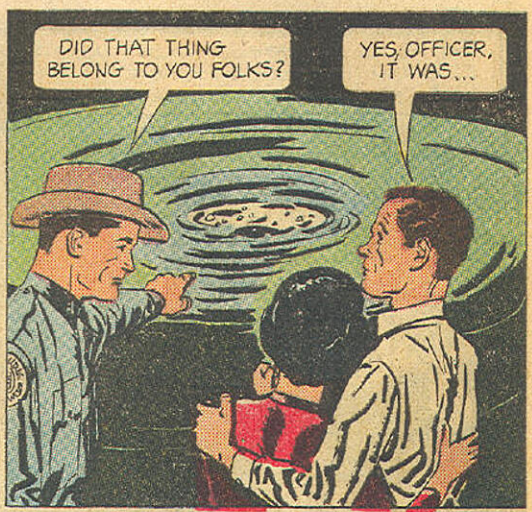

THE POLICE CAR SWINGS ACROSS THE ROAD AND THE OFFICERS PREPARE TO HALT THE ONRUSH OF WILD, ANGRY PEOPLE...
WHAT IS IT, SOME NUT DRESSED LIKE THAT OR IS IT REALLY A...?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. I'M CALLING IN FOR HELP!
CITY POLICE


...AND IT'S PUSHING THE PATROL CAR OVER ...RIGHT NOW!
POLICE

THERE HE IS, HONEY! HE IS HEADING FOR THE RESERVOIR!
OH GEORGE, ALL THOSE PEOPLE!


IRON MAN SEEKS REFUGE ALONG THE WALK ON THE DAM OF THE RESERVOIR, BUT IT IS TOO NARROW FOR HIS LARGE FEET...

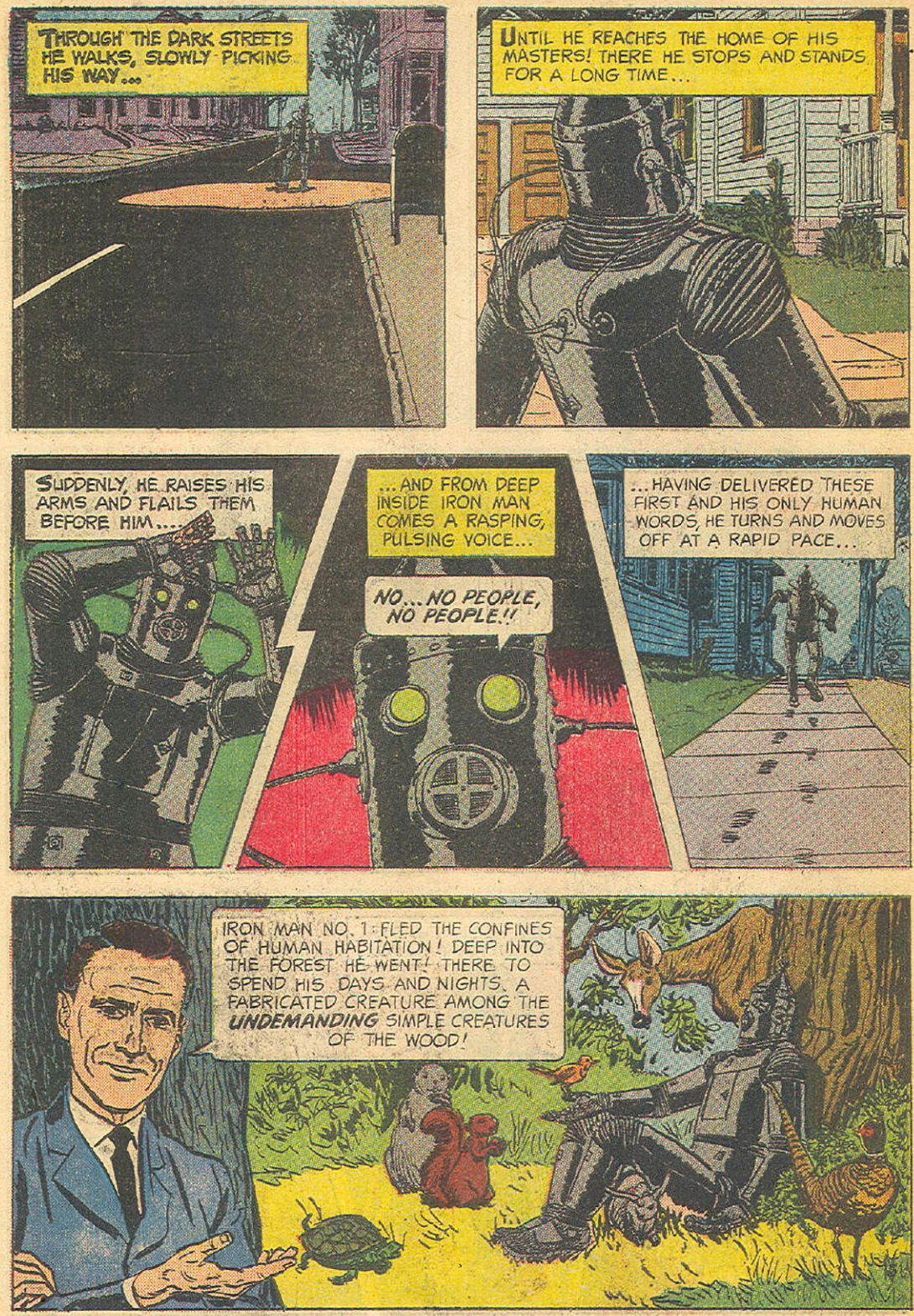
SUDDENLY... HIS GREAT WEIGHT PITCHES FORWARD AND... SPLASH! IRON MAN NO. 1 DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE MIRROR SURFACE OF THE WATER...


DID THAT THING BELONG TO YOU FOLKS?
YES, OFFICER, IT WAS...

WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT HAULED OUT OF THERE, THIS IS A PUBLIC RESERVOIR!
WE WILL, AS SOON AS I CAN ARRANGE IT!

GEE, GEORGE, WE'RE AWFUL SORRY! WE WERE JUST HAVIN' A LITTLE FUN... BUT THE THING GOT OUT OF HAND!
YEAH, GEORGE, JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS... EH, GEORGE?
COME ON, GRACE, NOTHING WE CAN DO HERE!... LET'S GO HOME!

HE'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN, ALL THAT WATER WILL RUIN HIM!
PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL, WE'LL GIVE WHAT IS LEFT TO SOME SCIENTIFIC PLACE! THEY CAN MAKE BETTER USE OF HIM!
LATE THAT NIGHT...
... FROM THE WATERS OF THE RESERVOIR A GLEAMING FIGURE EMERGES...
LIKE A SEA MONSTER OF OLD, IRON MAN NO. 1 SLOWLY RISES FROM THE WATER...
...SLOWLY HE TURNS AS IF UNCERTAIN WHAT TO DO...
...BUT THEN HE SETS OFF WITH A DELIBERATE STEP.


THROUGH THE DARK STREETS HE WALKS, SLOWLY PICKING HIS WAY...
UNTIL HE REACHES THE HOME OF HIS MASTERS! THERE HE STOPS AND STANDS FOR A LONG TIME...
SUDDENLY, HE RAISES HIS ARMS AND FLAILS THEM BEFORE HIM...
...AND FROM DEEP INSIDE IRON MAN COMES A RASPING, PULSING VOICE...
NO...NO PEOPLE, NO PEOPLE!!
...HAVING DELIVERED THESE FIRST AND HIS ONLY HUMAN WORDS, HE TURNS AND MOVES OFF AT A RAPID PACE...
IRON MAN NO. 1 FLED THE CONFINES OF HUMAN HABITATION! DEEP INTO THE FOREST HE WENT! THERE TO SPEND HIS DAYS AND NIGHTS, A FABRICATED CREATURE AMONG THE UNDEMANDING SIMPLE CREATURES OF THE WOOD!

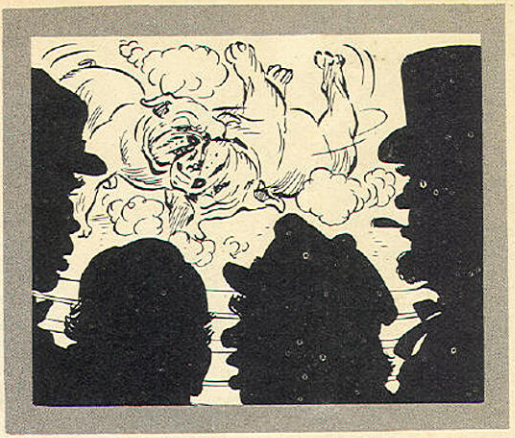
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

NUMBER 13

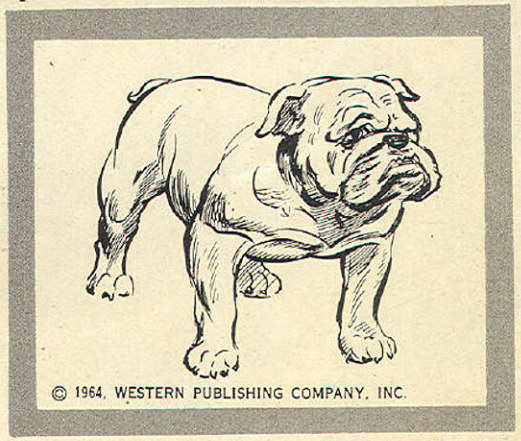
THE BULLDOG

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

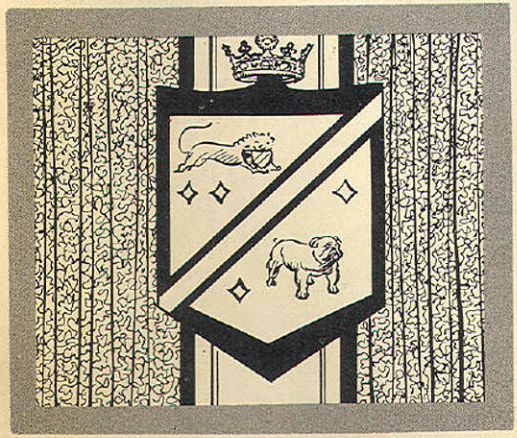


Born to be vicious, the Bulldog was bred to fight other dogs on wagers. This cruel sport was outlawed in England in 1835.

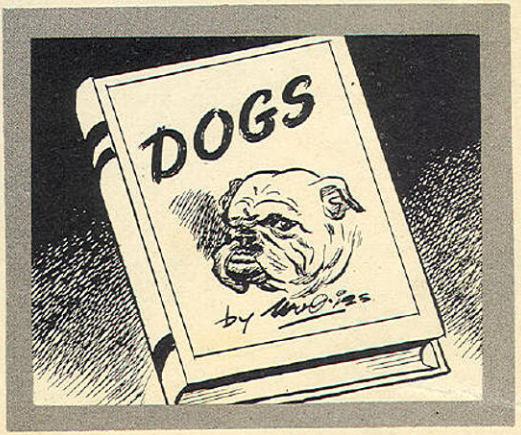
Bulldogs gradually have lost their aggressiveness and today are as friendly and reliable, as the most docile of house pets.



This breed, sometimes called the English Bulldog, was developed from the Mastiff, and is a relative of the Bull Terrier.



The Bulldog, with the lion, is the symbol of the British Empire. It also is the symbol of Yale University and other colleges.



Man's companionship with dogs has been the subject of many books and stories. The Bulldog is a favorite of many writers.

TWILIGHT ZONE PIN-UP